THE LYRE:

SELECT EXTRACTS FROM THE ANCIENT AND MODERN POETS.

FOR FAMILIES AND SCHOOLS.

BY

A. AND C. T. GAUNTLETT.

"There is a living spirit in the Lyre,
A breath of music, and a soul of fire."

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THE LYRE.

PART I.

A FIELD-FLOWER.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And joins December's arms

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale;

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground,
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light, o'er the skylark's nest.

'T is Flora's page:—in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer reign—
The DAISY never dies.

MONTGOMERY.

"ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE, O LORD."

When Spring unlocks the flowers, to paint the laughing soil;
When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars, their Master's name in silent pomp display.

Shall we, with reason gifted, expectants of the sky,
Shall we, alone unthankful, our little praise deny?
No: let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love, and Saviour, honour thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope of Summer fade,
The Autumn droop in Winter, the birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lulled—the sun and moon forget their old decree,
But we in Nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to Thee.

HEBER.

THE CUCKOO.

Hail! beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of spring;
How heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing!

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sounds of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on its bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

Oh! could I fly, I 'd fly with thee,
We 'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?—
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?'
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the river wanders o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet Mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child."

MRS. HEMANS.

THE LILY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay!
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own!

HEBER.

WATER.

What is it that glitters so clear and serene,
Or dances in billows so white?
Ships skimming along on its surface are seen—
'T is water that glitters so bright.

Sea-weeds wind about in its cavities wet,
The pearl-oyster quietly sleeps;
A thousand fair shells—yellow, amber, and jet;
And coral glows red in its deeps.

When tempests sweep over its bosom serene,
Like mountains its billows arise,
The ships now appear to be buried between,
And now carried up to the skies!

It gushes out clear from the sides of the hill,
And sparkles bright down from the steep;
Then waters the valley and roars through the mill,
And wanders in many a sweep.

The clouds blown about in the chilly blue sky,
Vast cisterns of water contain;
Like snowy white feathers in winter they fly,
In summer, stream gently in rain.

When sun-beams so bright on the falling drops shine,
The rainbow enlivens the shower,
And glows in the heavens, a beautiful sign,
That water shall drown us no more.

A. TAYLOR.

AIR.

What is it that winds about over the world,
Spread thin like a covering fair?
Into each little corner and crevice 't is curled—
This wonderful fluid is—air.

In summer's still evening how peaceful it floats,
When not a leaf moves on the spray;
And no sound is heard but the nightingale's notes,
And merry gnats dancing away.

The village bells glide on its bosom serene,
And steal in sweet cadence along,
The shepherd's soft pipe warbles over the green,
And the cottage girls join in the song.

In the forest it tears up the sturdy old oak,
That many a tempest had known;
The tall mountain's pine into splinters is broke,
And over the precipice blown.

Pure air, pressing into the curious clay,
Gave life to these bodies at first;
And when in the bosom it ceases to play,
We crumble again to our dust.

A. TAYLOR.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how beneath the moon-beam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring then subsides to rest:
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea,
And having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

The green-house is my summer seat,
My shrubs, displaced from that retreat,
  Enjoyed the open air;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
  Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing,
That flutter loose on golden wing,
  And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty 't is true,
But that delight they never knew,
  And therefore never missed.

But nature works in every breast,
With force not easily suppressed:
  And Dick felt some desires,
That, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
  A pass between his wires.

The open windows seemed to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight,
  But Tom was still confined;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
  To leave his friend behind.

So settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp, and kiss, he seemed to say,
  You must not live alone—
Nor would he quit that chosen stand,
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
  Returned him to his own.

O ye who never taste the joys
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango,* ball, and rout!
Blush when I tell you how a bird
A prison with a friend preferred,
To liberty without.

COWPER.

ESTABLISHMENT OF MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

Behold the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Shall tower above the meaner hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow:
"Ascend the hill of God," they say,
"And to his temple go!"

The beam that shines on Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King that reigns in Sion's towers,
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares shall they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

* A Spanish dance.

No longer host encountering host,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the useless helm on high,
And study war no more.

Come then, oh come from every land,
To worship at his shrine,
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

LOGAN.

THE ROSE.

The rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed;
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was,
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely alas!
I snapped it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
  Might have bloomed with its owner awhile ;
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
  May be followed perhaps by a smile.

COWPER.

THE MOSS ROSE.

The angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay ;
That spirit to whose charge 't is given
To bathe young buds in dews from heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The Angel whispered to the Rose—
" O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 't is granted thee !"
Then, said the rose, with deepened glow,
" On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused, in silent thought,
What grace was there that flower had not !—
'T was but a moment—o'er the rose,
A veil of moss the angel throws ;
And robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed ?

ANON.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew,
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade :—

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;
And the scene where his melody charmed me before,
Resounds with his sweet flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man, and his joys;
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures I see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

COWPER.

FIDELITY.

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
[illegible] searches with his eyes

And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern ;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;
  Its motions too are wild and shy ;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
  Unusual in its cry.
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow, or on height ;
Nor shout, nor whistle, strikes his ear ;
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
  That keeps till June December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
  A silent tarn below !
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
  The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
  As quickly as he may ;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground ;
The appalled discoverer with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
  The man had fallen, that place of fear !
At length upon the shepherd's mind
  It breaks, and all is clear.

He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day,
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
  This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words,
  This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space,
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that since the day,
  When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
  Or by his master's side:
How nourished here through such long time,
He knows, who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate.

WORDSWORTH.

THE DOVE.

The dove let loose in eastern skies,
  Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
  Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
  Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
  Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from earthly care,
' From pride and passion free,
Aloft, through faith and love's pure air,
To hold my course to thee.
No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

MOORE.

MORNING.

The morn is bright, the mountain's side
With million airy tints is dyed;
Glitter the thorn and purple heath.
Fanned by her sweet and dewy breath:
The monarch eagle climbs the sky,
At the fierce sun to light his eye;
Her giddy course the skylark steers,
To catch the music of the spheres;
To learn the notes to angels given,
And steal for man the songs of heaven.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die!

MONTGOMERY.

EARLY SCENES REVISITED.

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west
We watched the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscribed with friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silvered by the touch of time;
Soared in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,
Through sister elms that waved their summer shade;
Or strewed with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat.
Childhood's loved group revisits every scene;
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!
Indulgent memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed in far softer hues than light can give.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape time's meek twilight steals!

As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams!
Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast!
This truth once known—To bless is to be blessed!
We led the bending beggar on his way;
—Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray—
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, "Long may such goodness live!"
'T was all he gave, 't was all he had to give.

ROGERS.

"THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR HIM IN THE INN."

The Son of God descends to earth,
Man's brother to become;
Hark! the glad angels sing his birth:
Who finds the Saviour room?

To his own tribes Messiah came,
  Of them unsought, unknown,
They heeded not Immanuel's name;
  The heir of David's throne.

His presence did no palace win,
  Nor hall, nor trophied dome;
Not even in Bethlehem's meanest inn,
  Was found for Jesus room.

Still hurry by the multitude
  Engrossed by trifling care;
Nor may the Virgin-born intrude,
  Their heart or thoughts to share.

The worldling gay, tired folly's guest,
  Arrayed in withering bloom,
And he of vexed unquiet breast,
  For Jesus find no room.

From heaven comes down the God of might,
  Our nature to assume;
With sons of men is his delight:
  Who finds Immanuel room?

The little child whose opening mind,
  Guided by light from heaven,
Seeks evermore his Lord to find,
  And know his sins forgiven:

The man of lowly contrite heart,
  Meek as a child become,
In all whose thoughts Christ has a part,—
  These find their Saviour room.

Hail ye! beyond expression blest,
  Your Maker's living home,
The Dove of peace shall ever rest
  Where Christ the Lord has room.

All hail! endued with heavenly power,
God's sons are ye become;
In nature's dread expiring hour,
Mount! with your Lord there's room.

C. T. GAUNTLETT

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

What is that, mother?
The lark, my child,—
The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
And he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays,
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?
The dove, my son,—
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?
The eagle, my boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying:

His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.—
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?
The swan, my love,—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

DOANE.

THE BOWER OF ROSES.

There 's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 't was like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the birds' song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,
I think—Is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No; the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
  An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 't was then to my eyes,
  Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

SOLITUDE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE ON THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I am monarch of all I survey,
  My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
  I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
  That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
  Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
  I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
  I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
  My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
  Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
  Divinely bestowed upon man;
Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
  How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage,
  In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
  And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
   Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver or gold,
   Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell,
   These valleys and rocks never heard;
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
   Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
   Convey to this desolate shore,
Some cordial, endearing report
   Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
   A wish or a thought after me?
Oh! tell me I yet have a friend,
   Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
   Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
   And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
   In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
   Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
   The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
   And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
   And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
   And reconciles man to his lot.   COWPER.

THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy,
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given;
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws.

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
  The first-made anthem rang,
On earth delivered from the deep,
  And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye,
  Unraptured greet thy beam;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
  Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
  The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields,
  The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
  O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
  A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
  As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
  First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
  Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
  That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

THE JOURNEY TO EMMAUS.

It happened on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all their sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went,
In musings worthy of the great event:
They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife;
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial, graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enriched them still the more;
They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
Sent to do more than he appeared to have done;
To exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else; and wondered he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them with a kind engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, he gathered up the broken thread,
And truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explained, illustrated, and searched so well,
The tender theme, on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, The night, they said, is near,
We must not now be parted, sojourn here—
The new acquaintance soon became a guest;
And made so welcome at their simple feast,
He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all he deigned to say?
Did they not burn within us by the way?"

COWPER.

DEATH, THE CHRISTIAN'S PRIVILEGE.

Thankless for favours from on high,
Man thinks he fades too soon:
Though 't is his privilege to die,
Would he improve the boon.

Strange fondness of the human heart,
Enamoured of its harm!
Strange world, that costs it so much smart,
And still has power to charm.

Whence has the world her magic power?
Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And covet longer woe?

The cause is conscience—conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews;
Her voice is terrible, though soft,
And dread of death ensues.

Then anxious to be longer spared,
Man mourns his fleeting breath;
All evils then seem light compared
With the approach of death.

'T is judgment shakes him—there 's the fear
That prompts the wish to stay;
He has incurred a long arrear,
And must despair to pay.

Pay!—follow Christ and all is paid;
His death your peace ensures;
Think on the grave where *he* was laid,
And calm descend to yours.

COWPER.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child, dear brother Jem,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What can it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
Of eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were blue, and she was fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many?—seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell:
She answered, "Seven are we:
Two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them, with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;
Yet you are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this can be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
  "Seven boys and girls are we,
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
  Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
  All sprightly and alive,
If two are in the church-yard laid
  Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
  The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
  And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
  My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit,
  I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
  When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
  And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane,
  In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her from her pain,
  And then she went away:

"So in the church-yard she was laid
  And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
  My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you? then, (said I,)
If those two are in heaven?"
The little maid did still reply,
"Oh! master, we are seven."

"But two are dead, their spirits fled,
And now at rest in heaven."—
'Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

WORDSWORTH.

YARDLEY OAK.

Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellowed the soil
Designed thy cradle; and a skipping deer
With pointed hoof, dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.
Time made thee what thou wast, king of the woods
And time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign; and the numerous flocks
That grazed it, stood beneath that ample cope

Uncrowded, yet safe-sheltered from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast out-lived
Thy popularity, and art become,
—Unless verse rescue thee awhile,—a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.
Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity, into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
Slow, into such magnificent decay.
Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempests could not:
And to Time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserved,
Achieved a labour, which had, far and wide,
By man performed, made all the forest ring.

COWPER.

CASABIANCA.*

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

* *Casabianca*, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned. He perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go.
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud:—"Say, father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!
And,"—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound,—
The boy,—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
  That well had borne their part,—
But the noblest thing which perished there,
  Was that young and faithful heart!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
  Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself,
  Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
  So sweetly, to reposing bands
Of travellers, in some shady haunt,
  Among Arabian sands:
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas,
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
  Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
  And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again.

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened—motionless and still:
And as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

WORDSWORTH.

ON THE DEITY.

I read God's awful name emblazoned high,
With golden letters on the illumined sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With Thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With Thee in busy, crowded cities talk:
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control:
Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in Thee.

BARBAULD.

THE SABBATH.

Dear is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day!
And by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
   Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord,—
To feel devotion's soothing power,
   And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud amen,
   Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,
   Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the simple melody,
   Sung with the pomp of rustic art;
That holy, heavenly harmony,
   The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often prayed,
   And still the anxious tears would fall;
But, on thy sacred altar laid,
   The fire descends and dries them all.

Oft when the world with iron hands
   Has bound me in its six days' chain,
This bursts them like the strong man's bands,
   And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me, the sabbath morn,
   The village bells, the shepherd's voice,
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
   And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
   Of broken sabbaths sing the charms,
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
   Which bears us to a Father's arms.

CUNNINGHAM.

WISDOM SPEAKING IN THE WORKS OF GOD.

The seasons came and went, and went and came,
To teach men gratitude; and, as they passed,
Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else
Had stolen unheeded by. The gentle flowers
Retired, and stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talked of humility, and peace, and love.
The dews came down unseen at eventide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.
With arm in arm the forest rose on high,
And lesson gave of brotherly regard.
And, on the rugged mountain-brow exposed
Bearing the blast alone, the ancient oak
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still
To courage in distress exhorted loud.
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the
breeze,
Attuned the heart to melody and love.
Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love; and from her glorious bow,
Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,
She whispered to Revenge,—"Forgive, forgive."
The sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
The moon awoke, and from her maiden face
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
And with her virgin stars walked in the heavens.
Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked,
Of purity, and holiness, and God.
In dreams and visions, sleep instructed much,
Day uttered speech to day, and night to night

Taught knowledge. Silence had a tongue; the grave,
The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each
A tongue, that ever said, "Man! think of God!
Think of thyself! think of eternity!"

POLLOK.

TO THE HEARTS-EASE.

Sweet, modest flower!
Emblem of peace and meek content;
Of Eden's bower
Thou wert erewhile an ornament,
Where flowers of many a hue their beauty blent

Thy simple blossom
Now opens on a world of wo;
And many a bosom,
Aching and restless, fain would know
What spell with calm repose arrays thee so

Ah! then impart
To care-worn man thy secret lore;
The mourning heart
May cease its losses to deplore;
The anxious, live to-day and fret no more.

With equal grace
Thy bloom in shade and sunshine 's given;
Be it mine to trace
Thy lowly pattern, temper even,
And stedfast eye serenely fixed on heaven.

C. T. GAUNTLETT.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE,

WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we stedfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he 'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him alone in his glory.

WOLF.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, did'st thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it; to-morrow!
'T is a sharper who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty; who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises:
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor! To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'T is Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are; and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend, arrest the present moments;
For be assured they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their paths trackless
As the winged couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly;
Because, though stationed on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Did'st let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.
And know, for that thou slumberest on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar

For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-winked justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio!
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;
'T is of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
Oh let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

COTTON.

"NIGHT SHEWETH KNOWLEDGE

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read,
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame,
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

For they have watched since first
The world had birth;
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

HABINGDON.

THE FIRST DAY.

Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east,
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourned the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided; light the day and darkness night,
He named. Thus was the first day even and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heaven and Earth; with joy and shout
The hollow, universal orb they filled,
And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his work, Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

MILTON.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

A poor wayfaring man of grief
  Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
  That I could never answer, "Nay:"
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went nor whence he came,
Yet was there something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
  He entered;—not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread:
  I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate,—but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
  Clear from the rock;—his strength was gone:
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
  He heard it—saw it hurrying on:
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er:
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'T was night; the floods were out; it blew
  A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
  To bid him welcome to my roof;

I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
  I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
  Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment,—he was healed:
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
  To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
  And honoured him, 'midst shame and scorn:
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
  The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hand I knew,
  My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake; and my poor name he named;
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

MONTGOMERY.

"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun, a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discussed)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh, what is beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies:
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek,
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 't was sweet, 't was passing sweet,
But now 't is gone away.
Thus does the shade,
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

Then, since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet;
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill,
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still?

H. KIRKE WHITE.

THE RECOGNITION.

While thus Florinda spake, the dog who lay
Quietly at her feet, eying him long
And wistfully, had recognised at length,
Changed as he was, and in those sordid weeds,
His royal master. And he rose and licked
His withered hand, and earnestly looked up
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech; and moaned as if at once
To court and chide the long-withheld caress.
A feeling uncommixed with sense of guilt
Or shame, yet painfullest, thrilled through the king;
But he, to self-control now long inured,
Repressed his rising heart, nor other tears,
Full as his struggling bosom was, let fall,
Than seemed to follow on Florinda's words.
Deliberately, in self-possession still,
Himself from that most painful interview
Dispeeding, he withdrew. The watchful dog
Followed his footsteps close. But he retired
Into the thickest grove; there yielding way
To his o'erburthened nature, from all eyes
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,
While tears streamed down, Thou Theron, then hast
known
Thy poor lost master,—Theron, none but thou!

SOUTHEY.

DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,—
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose,
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE JOY OF TO-MORROW.

How sweet to the heart is the thought of *to-morrow,*
When Hope's fairy pictures bright colours display;
How sweet when we can from futurity, borrow
A balm for the griefs that afflict us *to-day.*
When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish
For health and the comforts it bears on its wing;
Let me hope (oh, how soon it would lessen my anguish!)
That to-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,
Sweet the hope that to-morrow my wanderings will cease;
That at home, then, with care sympathetic attended,
I shall rest unmolested and slumber in peace:
Or when from the friends of my heart long divided,
The fond expectation with joy how replete,
That from far-distant regions, by Providence guided,
To-morrow shall see us most happily meet!

When six days of labour, each other succeeding,
With hurry and toil have my spirits oppressed,
What pleasure to think as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be a sweet sabbath of rest!
And when the vain shadows of time are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
The Christian believing, exulting, expiring,
Beholds a to-morrow of endless delight.

PARKEN.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

It was a brave attempt! adventurous he,
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea!
And leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine: the tempest raves,
He on a pine-plank rides across the waves;
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves,
He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land.
Fearless, when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm; she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her to the shore!
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease:
Her faith can govern death; she spreads her wing
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings.
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentlier, and the tempest dies;
Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

WATTS

THE LYRE.

PART II.

MORNING.

"HIS COMPASSIONS FAIL NOT; THEY ARE NEW EVERY MORNING."

Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If in our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before;—

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn and stedfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise,
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbours and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high,
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more;—content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them come and go:—
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

KEBLE.

EVENING.

"ABIDE WITH US, FOR IT IS TOWARDS EVENING, AND THE DAY IS FAR SPENT."

'T is gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness,
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When round thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—

Or by the light thy words disclose,
Watch time's full river as it flows,
Scanning thy gracious providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense;—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold; –
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.*

* John vi. 21.

The rulers of this christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in thy sight.

Oh by thine own sad burthen borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou thy priests their daily cross
To bear as thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

KEBLE.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
  Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
  Looked pure as the Spirit who made it.
The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
  On the shadowy waves' playful motion;
From the dim distant isle the Lighthouse fire blazed
  Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girted nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers:
I sighed as I looked from the hill's gentle slope;
All hushed was the billows' commotion;
And I thought that the Lighthouse looked lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long passed, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blazed on the breast of the billow.
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on Eternity's ocean!

P. M. JAMES.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there.

Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amid the foaming sea
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales;
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude 's the nurse of wo.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts, at last, for knowledge rise.
Lovely, lasting Peace appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'T was thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved;
It seemed as all the quiet place,
Confessed the presence of the grace.
When thus she spoke—" Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I 'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blessed with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear and court my song;
I 'll lift my voice and tune my string,
And Thee, great Source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrowed light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go, search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

PARNELL.

"DAYS OF HEAVEN UPON THE EARTH."

Yes, there are days so calm, so fair,
  Of pure unclouded light,
When balms are wafted through the air
  From bud and blossom bright:
Their lustre to the wanderer's eye,
  Seems of celestial birth,
That, streaming from the far blue sky,
  Makes days of heaven on earth.

Still fairer, calmer are the days
  Of one who long distrest,
Walked mournfully life's dreary ways
  In dimness and unrest;
When Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
  With healing beam breaks forth,
Revives and cheers the soul with grace,
  Oh! this is heaven on earth.

And radiant with a light serene,
  Returns each Sabbath day,
That o'er this troubled, changeful scene
  Sheds a diviner ray:
What gladness fills each christian breast—
  A softened hallowed mirth—
As all unite in worship blest,
  And find a heaven on earth.

Soon will appear the promised time,
  By ancient seers foretold,
When, fruitful as in earliest prime,
  Calm as the shepherd's fold,
The earth shall yield a rich increase,
  And Zion's dew-like birth,
Innumerous, gem those years of peace,
  Those days of heaven on earth.

Blest seasons! must ye pass away,
  And melt in darksome night?
Are ye but types of heavenly day?
  Short preludes of delight?
Oh, then enlightened be my heart,
  The eye of faith be given,
That may through gloom or sunshine dart,
  And view the light of heaven.

C. T. GAUNTLETT.

ECHOES.

We, the myriad, born of sound,
Where the sweetest spots are found,
    Over sea, over land,
    An invisible band,
Sport all creation round and round;
    We love not the plain,
    Nor the sky-bounded main;
Nor delight in the region of ether to reign;
    But enraptured we dwell
    In the wood or the dell;
And an age-hollowed oak is a favourite cell,
And a hilly clump, or a rocky shore,
We foot full merrily o'er and o'er.

Seated by a dripping well,
When a cavern spans it round,
There the echo loves to dwell,
Listening to the liquid sound.
Since the driplets first begun,
She hath told them one by one;
Day and night her station kept,
Never slumbered, never slept;
But as drop by drop they die,
Each she pays a single sigh,
A momentary elegy.

In a rock upon the shore,
Oft we mock the ocean's roar;
Or on green hill side at dawn,
Carol to the huntsman's horn;
Or at evening in the dale,
On feet of air we steal along,
Listening to the shepherd's tale,
Or warbling to the shepherd's song.

When in the vast cathedral nave,
The magic tones of music dwell;
In some deep nook, or hero's grave,
We lurk, and answer swell for swell:
Half the charms that music knows,
To the echo's power she owes;
But for us, the sounds would fly,
Harshly, unmodulated by,
And reft of cadent melody.

EDMESTON.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.

The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away:
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their wo;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he felt and prayed for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood: at his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service passed, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

EPITAPH.

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the seats of bliss.

No more confined to grovelling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay ;
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

THE WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN.

There is a world we have not seen,
  That time shall never dare destroy ;
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
  Nor ear has caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region, lovelier far
  Than sages tell, or poets sing,
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
  And softer than the tints of spring.

There is a world, and oh ! how blest !
  Fairer than prophets ever told ;
And never did an angel-guest
  One half its blessedness unfold.

It is all holy and serene,
  The land of glory and repose ;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
  The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fanned by summer gale,
  'T is not refreshed by vernal showers,
It never needs the moon-beam pale,
  For there are known no evening hours.

No ; for this world is ever bright,
  With a pure radiance all its own ;
The streams of uncreated light,
  Flow round it from the eternal throne.

There, forms that mortals may not see,
  Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
  Move with unutterable grace.

In vain the philosophic eye
  May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky :
  It is the dwelling-place of God !

ANON.

"IF THOU WILT, LET US BUILD THREE TABERNACLES."

Methinks it is good to be here !
If thou wilt, let us build : but to whom ?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear ;
But the shadows of eve, that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Oh no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see—they would pin him below,
In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah! no; she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here 's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 't is in vain,
Who hid in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or fled, with the spirit, above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side;
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets the ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve.
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear:
Peace, peace, is the watch-word—the only one here!

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah! no; for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

H. KNOWLES.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball!

What though no real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

HOPE IN SORROW.

Oh! Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
  How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
  We could not fly to thee!
The friends who in our sunshine live,
  When winter comes are flown;
And he that has but tears to give,
  Must weep those tears alone:
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
  Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
  Breathes sweetness out of wo.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
  And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
  Is dimmed and vanished too,—
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
  Did not thy wing of love,
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
  One peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright,
  With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shews us worlds of light,
  We never saw by day.

MOORE.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE LACE-MAKER.

The path to bliss abounds with many a snare:
Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
The Frenchman, first in literary fame,
(Mention him if you please. Voltaire? The same.)
With spirit, genius, eloquence supplied,
Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and died:
The scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon mots, to gall the Christian and the Jew;
An infidel in health, but what when sick?
Oh! then a text would touch him to the quick.
View him at Paris in his last career,
Surrounding throngs the demi-god revere;
Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
And fumed with frankincense on every side,
He begs their flattery with his latest breath,
And smothered in't, at last is praised to death.
Yon cottager who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding and no wit,
Receives no praise; but though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
Oh, happy peasant! oh, unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He, praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home:
He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She, safe in the simplicity of hers.

COWPER.

THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee.

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles—
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depth of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies dance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou brakest forth, and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot,
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;
But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart:
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou takest through the dim church-aisle thy way,
As its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh, what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
One thing is like thee, to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.

MRS. HEMANS.

"CHARITY SUFFERETH LONG, AND IS KIND."

Oh Love divine! sole source of charity!
More dear one genuine deed performed for thee,
Than all the periods Feeling e'er could turn,
Than all thy touching pages, polished Sterne!
Not that by deeds alone this Love 's expressed;
If so, the affluent only were the blessed.
One silent wish, one pray'r, one soothing word,
The precious page of mercy shall record.
One soul-felt sigh by powerless pity given,
Accepted incense, shall ascend to heaven.
Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs:
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, yet all may please;
Oh, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain;
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain:
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,

Our little lot denies; yet Heaven decrees
To all, the gift of ministering to ease.
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above;
The mild forbearance of another's fault;
The taunting word suppressed as soon as thought;
On these heaven bade the sweets of life depend,
And crushed ill-fortune when it gave a friend.
A solitary blessing few can find,
Our joys with those we love are intertwined;
And he whose helpful tenderness removes
The rankling thorn that wounds the breast he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.
The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, or implied dislike;
The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye;
The artful injury, whose venomed dart
Scarce wounds the hearing, while it stabs the heart;
Small slights, contempt, neglect unmixed with hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight.
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comfort, and destroy our ease.

HOHENLINDEN.*

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

* A village in Germany, where the Austrians and Bavarians were completely defeated by the French.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet, fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in the sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall mark the soldier's cemetery.

CAMPBELL.

THE TRIUMPH OF HOPE.

As when a felon, whom his country's laws
Have justly doomed for some atrocious cause,
Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears,
The shameful close of all his misspent years;
If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,
A tempest usher in the dreaded morn,
Upon his dungeon walls the lightnings play,
The thunder seems to summon him away,
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies:
If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
When Hope, long lingering, at last yields the ghost,
The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
He drops at once his fetters and his fear;
A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks!
Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
The comfort of a few poor added days,
Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
Of him, whom Hope has with a touch made whole.
'T is heaven, all heaven, descending on the wings
Of the glad legions of the King of kings!
'T is more—'t is God diffused through every part,
'T is God himself triumphant in his heart.
Oh, welcome now the sun's once hated light,
His noon-day beams were never half so bright!
Not kindred minds alone are called to employ
Their hours, their days, in listening to his joy;
Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his praise.

COWPER.

"ALL NATIONS SHALL SERVE HIM."

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft from Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator!
In bliss returns to reign. HEBER.

COUNTRY AND HOME.

There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend,
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?"
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

MONTGOMERY.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;
A wandering Harper scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear!
He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate, and massy bar,
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,

And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well.
When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride.
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain?
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.
The humble boon was soon obtained,
The aged minstrel au'dience gained.
But when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recal an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
He had played it to King Charles the good,
When he kept court at Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.

But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled,
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot,
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The Poet's glowing thought supplied;
And while his harp responsive rung,
'T was thus the latest Minstrel sung!

SCOTT.

THE PATRIOT.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
He never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land?"
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell!
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends, thy woods and streams, were left;
And thus I love them better still,
E'en in extremity of ill.

SCOTT.

ABSALOM'S PILLAR.

A pillar rears
Its mouldering head amid the waste of years:
In deep Engedi's vale it stands alone,
A tapering mass of monumental stone—
A shapely pile, where all around is rude,
But speechless in its hoary solitude:
Ask ye the circling rocks, from whose torn bed
It slowly reared its desolated head;—
Ask ye the silent column whence it came?
Raised by what hand, or sacred to what name?
Answer or speech is none that tells the tale
Of the dark pillar of Engedi's dale.
'T was Absalom who reared it: for he said,
"I have no son to live, when I am dead,
And keep my name's remembrance from the grave:"
So his own name to that lone pile he gave.
And to this day 't is called "Absalom's Place,"—
A monument of glory and disgrace!
It might have stood, beneath the sky's blue cope,
Emblem of pledgeless love and baffled hope:

A barren type of him whose lonely state
Soared o'er his fellows, grand, yet desolate:
And many a pilgrim to that pile had come
To heave the sigh for sonless Absalom.
It stands a warning beacon, and a mark
Of stormy deeds and retribution dark;
A boding heap, a thing to fear and shun,
Memorial of a most unnatural son:
Cold to the beam, unsoftened by the shower,
Dead to the sweet and renovating power
Of nature, in her best and balmiest hour.
It speaks of one alike unmoved and sear,
Beneath a father's smile, a father's tear:
Of one whose loveless and unloving gloom
Gave to the meek affections bud nor bloom.
And when that pillar, crumbled to the base,
Shall leave no tidings of its name or place;
The word of truth, that will not pass away,
Shall keep the blasting record from decay.

BERESFORD.

LINES FOR A BIRTH-DAY.

My years roll on in silent course,
Impelled by a resistless force;
Awake, my soul, awake and sing,
How good thy God, how great thy King.

My years roll on; then let me know
The great design for which they flow,
And as the ship floats o'er the wave,
Thy vessel, Lord, in mercy save.

My years roll on: the tide of time
Bears me through many a changing clime;
I've summers, winters, heat and cold,
Winds, calms, and tempests, ten times told.

My years roll on; but here 's my hope,
And this my everlasting prop,—
Though seasons change, and I change too,
My God 's the same, for ever true.

My years roll on; and as they roll,
Oh! may they waft my ransomed soul
Safe through life's ocean to yon shore,
Where sins and sorrows grieve no more.

My years roll on; and with them flows
That mercy which no limit knows;
'T is mercy's current makes me glide
In hope and safety down the tide.

My years roll on: my soul, be still,
Guided by love, thy course fulfil;
And when my anxious voyage 's past,
My refuge be with Christ at last!

L. RICHMOND.

"HE ENTERS HEAVEN BY PRAYER."

When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'T is e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvass furled,
In some safe haven of our western world,
'T were vain inquiry to what port she went,
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

COWPER.

VENI CREATOR.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind:
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!*
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit! our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence,

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But oh! inflame and fire our hearts:
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thine hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

* *Paraclete*, a Greek word, signifying "Comforter."

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

CHARITY.

True charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene
Storms but enliven its unfading green;
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.
To look at Him, who formed us and redeemed,
So glorious now, though once so disesteemed;
To see a God stretch forth his human hand,
To uphold the boundless scenes of his command;
To recollect that in a form like ours,
He bruised beneath his feet the Infernal powers,
Captivity led captive, rose to claim
The wreath he won so dearly in our name;
That throned above all height he condescends
To call the few that trust in him his friends;
That in the Heaven of heavens, that space he deems
Too scanty for the exertion of his beams,
And shines as if impatient to bestow
Life and a kingdom upon worms below;

That sight imparts a never-dying flame,
Though feeble in degree, in kind the same.
Like him the soul thus kindled from above,
Spreads wide her arms of universal love;
And still enlarged as she receives the grace,
Includes creation in her close embrace.

COWPER.

"WE WEPT WHEN WE REMEMBERED ZION!"

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shores are desolate, whose land's a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And where shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leaped before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country,—Israel but the grave!

BYRON.

LILIAN.

Nursling of solitude, her infant couch
Never did mother watch; within the grave
She slept unwaking; scornful turned aloof
The warrior, from those pure, instinctive joys
By fathers felt, when playful infant grace,
Touched with a feminine softness, round the heart

Winds its light maze of undefined delight.
Thus Lilian from all human tenderness
Estranged, and gentler feelings, that light up
The cheek of youth with rosy, joyous smile,
Like a forgotten lute, played on alone
By chance-caressing airs amid the wild,
Beauteously pale and sadly playful grew;
A lonely child, by none except her nurse
Beloved, and loving none; nor strange, if learnt
Her native fond affections to embrace
Things senseless and inanimate: she loved
All flowerets that, with rich embroidery fair,
Enamel the green earth, the odorous thyme,
Wild rose, and loving eglantine, nor spared
To mourn their fading forms with childish tears.
Gray birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
Fringing the crystal stream; the sportive breeze
That wantoned with her brown and glossy locks;
The sun-beam chequering the fresh bank. Ere dawn
Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
By Derwent's lake, or Greta's wildering glen.
  Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard,
Save of her aged nurse, or shepherd maid
Soothing the child with simple tale or song.
Hence, all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
Life's sins and sorrows; better known the voice
Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud
Blithe caroling, and wild melodious notes
Heard mingling in the summer wood, or plaint,
By moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird.
Nor they of love unconscious; all around
Fearless, familiar, they their descants sweet
Tuned emulous. Her knew all living shapes,
That tenant wood or rock; dun roe or deer,
Sunning his dappled side at noon-tide crouched,
Courting her fond caress; nor fled her gaze
The brooding dove, but murmured sounds of joy.

MILMAN.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

Pansies, lilies, king-cups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there 's a sun that sets,
  Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
  They will have a place in story:
There 's a flower that shall be mine.
'T is the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far,
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
  Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they I trow,
  Since the day I found thee out.
Little flower!—I 'll make a stir
Like a great astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf,
Bold and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met,
  I have seen thee high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
  'T was a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about its nest,
  Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast,
  Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we 've little warmth or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood,
Travel with the multitude.
Never heed them ; I aver
  That they all are wanton wooers ;
But the thrifty cottager,
  Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home ;
Spring is coming, thou art come.

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly unassuming spirit !
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
  Thou dost shew thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
  In the lane—there 's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 't is good enough for thee.

Ill befal the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours !
Buttercups that will be seen,
  Whether we will see or no ;
Others too of lofty mien,
  They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little humble Celandine.

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Scorned and slighted upon earth !
Herald of a mighty band,
  Of a joyous train ensuing,
Singing at my heart's command,
  In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,
I will sing as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love.

WORDSWORTH.

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

Varia, there's nothing here that's free
From wearisome anxiety;
And the whole round of mortal joys
With short possession tires and cloys;
'T is a dull circle that we tread,
Just from the window to the bed,
We rise to see and to be seen,
Gaze on the world awhile, and then
We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.
But Fancy, that uneasy guest,
Still holds a longing in our breast;
She finds our frames vexatious still,
Herself the greatest plague we feel:
We take strange pleasure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Assume the load, and pant and sweat
Beneath the imaginary weigh..
With our dear selves we live at strife,
While the most constant scenes of life
From peevish humours are not free;
Still we affect variety;
Rather than pass an easy day,
We fret and chide the hours away,
Grow weary of this circling sun,
And vexed that he should ever run
The same old track, and still, and still,
Rise red behind yon eastern hill;
And chide the moon that darts her light
Through the same casement every night.
We shift our chambers, and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes.
Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet;
Change the thick climate, and repair
To France or Italy for air.

In vain we change, in vain we fly ;
E'en should we mount the whirling sky,
Or ride upon the feathered wind,
'T is vain, if this diseased mind
Clings fast, and still sits close behind.
Happy the soul that virtue shows
To fix the place of her repose,
Needless to move ; for she can dwell
In her paternal hall as well :
Virtue that never loves to roam,
But sweetly hides herself at home ;
And easy on a native throne
Of humble turf sits gently down.
Yet should tumultuous storms arise,
And mingle earth, and seas, and skies ;
Should the waves swell, and make her roll
Across the line, or near the pole ;
Still she 's at peace, for well she knows
To launch the stream that duty shews,
And makes her home where'er she goes.
Bear her, ye seas, upon your breast,
Or waft her, winds, from east to west,
On the soft air, she cannot find
A couch so easy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half so kind.

WATTS.

TO AN AMERICAN WATER-FOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong,
As darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

BRYANT.

THE EXILE'S RETREAT.

The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees;
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not, for joy:
The mountain shadows on her breast,
Were neither broken nor at rest:
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The grey mist left the mountain side,
The torrent shewed its glistening pride;
Invisible in fleckëd sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush,
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove,
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.
 The stranger viewed the shore around,
'T was all so close with copse-wood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden shewed
A clambering, unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
Here for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials as around
The workman's hand had readier found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, overhead,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath, and rushes dry,
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir, with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idean vine,
The clematis, the favoured flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower;
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.

SCOTT.

ELLEN'S INTRODUCTION AT THE SCOTTISH COURT,

AFTER HER FATHER'S RETURN FROM EXILE.

"Oh! welcome, brave Fitz-James," she said,
"How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt?"—"O say not so!
To me no gratitude you owe.

* The Douglases were exiled as traitors, by James V.

Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's king thy suit to aid.
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lead his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come!—'t is more than time;
He holds his court at morning prime."
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung.
Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whispered hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half staid,
Through gallery fair, and high arcade,
Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.
Within, 't was brilliant all, and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even;
And, from their tissue, fancy frames
Aërial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed;
For him she sought, who owned this state,
The dreaded Prince, whose will was fate!
She gazed on many a princely port,
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed,
Then turned, bewildered and amazed,
For all stood bare; and, in the room,
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent,
On him each courtier's eye was bent;

Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood in simple Lincoln-green,
The centre of the glittering ring,—
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King!
As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands,
She shewed the ring—she clasped her hands.
Oh! not a moment could he brook,
The generous prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her,—and, the while,
Checked with a glance the circle's smile;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
And bade her terrors be dismissed:—
"Yes, Fair; the wandering, poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes bring,
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask nought for Douglas;—yester-even
His Prince and he have much forgiven:
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy unbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid."
Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of power,—
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On nature's raptures long should pry,
He stepped between—"Nay, Douglas, nay,
Steal not my proselyte away!

The riddle 't is my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,
'T is under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause.
But gentle maid, thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring--
What seeks fair Ellen of the king?"—
   Full well the conscious maiden guessed,
He probed the weakness of her breast;
Blushing, she turned her from the king,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wished her sire to speak
The suit that stained her glowing cheek.—
   "Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
Malcolm, come forth!"—And at the word,
Down kneeled the Græme to Scotland's lord.
"For thee rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—
Fetters and warder for the Græme!"
His chain of gold the king unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

SCOTT.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I remember well the fair Severn's peerless flight,
How can I e'er forget her silent glory and her speed?
The wild-deer of all rivers was she then unto my sight,
But now in common lustre doth she hurry through the mead;—
Her flow I do not heed.

A copse there was of hazels, a cloud of radiant green,
A lustrous veil of fruitful leaves, to hide the world from me:
It seemed when I was nutting there to be a fairy scene,
Ah! never more thereafter a fairy scene to be—
Save in sad memory.

The towers of that old house in which I did abide,
When early days were friends with me, seem altered to my eyes;
They do not stand so solemnly at night in moonlight pride,
As when in those fond silver hours, by stealth I did arise,
For garden revelries.

And in the river's place, and the nut-trees and the night,
And the poetry that is upon the moonlit earth,
I have lone rooms, and sad musings, and a fast unceasing flight
Of friends,—of self-esteem;—Oh! my heart aches with the dearth
Of honour and of worth.

'T is vain to visit olden scenes, they change like
other friends,
Their faces are not now the same, the youth of
things is gone.
To others they may yet be bright, and that must
make amends:
The towers to *them* may yet arise and frown in awful
stone,
The stream, in light, flow on.

CORCORAN.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

A rock there is whose homely front
The passing traveller slights;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
Like stars, at various heights;
And one coy primrose to that rock
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,
What kingdoms overthrown,
Since first I spied that primrose-tuft
And marked it for my own;
A lasting link in Nature's chain,
From highest heaven let down.

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew;
The stems are faithful to the root,
That worketh out of view,
And to the rock the root adheres,
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
  Though threatening still to fall;
The earth is constant to her sphere;
  And God upholds them all:
So blooms this lonely plant, nor dreads
  Her annual funeral.

Here closed the meditative strain;
  But air breathed soft that day,
The hoary mountain-heights were cheered,
  The sunny vale looked gay;
And to the primrose of the rock,
  I gave this after-lay.

I sang, let myriads of bright flowers,
  Like thee, in field and grove
Revive unenvied,—mightier far
  Than tremblings that reprove
Our vernal tendencies to hope
  In God's redeeming love.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too
  The reasoning sons of men,
From one oblivious winter called,
  Shall rise and breathe again;
And in eternal summer lose
  Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
  This prescience from on high,
The faith that elevates the just,
  Before and when they die;
And makes each soul a separate heaven,
  A court for Deity.

WORDSWORTH.

THE LAW GIVEN AT SINAI.

Hark! the shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near;
Slow and unwilling they appear,
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear:
'T was the same herald, and the trump the same,
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,
And heaven's eternal will proclaim,
That time shall be no more.

Thus, while the labouring angel swelled the sound,
And rent the skies and shook the ground,
Uprose the Almighty: round his sapphire seat
Adoring thrones in order fell;
The lesser powers at distance dwell,
And cast their glories down successive at his feet
Gabriel the Great prepares his way,
"Lift up your heads, eternal doors," he cries:
The eternal doors his word obey,
Open and shoot celestial day
Upon the lower skies.
Heaven's mighty pillars bowed their head,
As their Creator bid,
And down Jehovah rode from the superior sphere,
A thousand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
The wheels beset with burning gems,
The winds in harness with the flames
Flew o'er the etherial road;
Down through his magazines he past,
Of hail, and ice, and fleecy snow,
Swift rolled the triumph, and as fast
Did hail, and ice, in melted rivers flow.

The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on solid darkness trod,
His radiant eyes proclaimed the God,
And scattered dreadful light;
He breathed, and sulphur ran a fiery stream:
He spoke, and (though with unknown speed he came),
Chid the slow tempest, and the lagging flame.

Sinai received his glorious flight;
With axle red, and glowing wheel,
Did the winged chariot light,
And rising smoke obscured the burning hill.
Lo, it mounts in curling waves,
Lo, the gloomy pride outbraves
The stately pyramids of fire,
The pyramids to heaven aspire,
And mix with stars,' but see their gloomy offspring higher:
So you have seen ungrateful ivy grow
Round the tall oak that six-score years had stood,
And proudly shoot a leaf or two
Above its kind supporter's utmost bough,
And glory there to stand the loftiest of the wood.

Forbear, young muse, forbear;
The flowery things that poets say,
The little arts of simile,
Are vain and useless here;
Nor shall the burning hills of old
With Sinai be compared,
Nor all that ancient Greece has told,
Or learned Rome has heard;
Etna shall be named no more,
Etna, the torch of Sicily;
Not half so high
Her lightnings fly,
Not half so loud her thunders roar,
Cross the Sicanian sea to fright the Italian shore:

Behold the sacred hill: its trembling spire
Quakes at the terrors of the fire,
While all below its verdant feet
Stagger and reel under the Almighty weight,
Pressed with a greater than feigned Atlas' load:
Deep groaned the mount; it never bore
Infinity before:
It bowed, and shook beneath the burden of a God.

Fresh horrors seize the camp; despair,
And dying groans torment the air,
And shrieks, and swoons, and deaths were there;
The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's blaze,
Spread through the host a wild amaze:
Darkness on every soul, and pale was every face:
Confused and dismal were the cries,
Let Moses speak, or Israel dies:
Moses the spreading terror feels;
No more the man of God conceals
His shivering and surprise:
Yet, with recovering mind, commands
Silence and deep attention, through the Hebrew bands.

Hark! from the centre of the flame
All armed and feathered with the same,
Majestic sounds break through the smoky cloud:
Sent from the all-creating Tongue,
A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

WATTS.

THE CAPTIVE'S SOLILOQUY.

Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds,
And ruddy vapours, and deep glowing flames,
And softly varied shades, look gloriously?
Do the green woods dance to the wind? the lakes
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?
Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells
Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke,
On the soft morning air?
Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound
In antic happiness? and mazy birds
Wing the mid-air in lightly skimming bands?
Ay, all this is; men do behold all this;
The poorest man. Even in this lonely vault,
My dark and narrow world, oft do I hear
The crowing of the cock so near my walls,
And sadly think how small a space divides me
From all this fair creation.
From the wide spreading bounds of beauteous nature
I am alone shut out; I am forgotten.
Peace, peace! He who regards the poorest worm,
Still cares for me, albeit he shends me sorely.
This hath its end. Perhaps, small as these walls,
A bound unseen divides my dreary state,
From a more beauteous world; that world of souls,
Feared and desired by all; a veil unseen:
Which soon shall be withdrawn.

J. BAILLIE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S ARMY.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed:
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
And through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

BYRON.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly, since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;

Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me, still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh, welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone;
But gladly as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss:
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window drew,
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was—where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived:
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last, submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
  Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'T is now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes:
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
  Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin;
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile;

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs, impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay:
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar;
And thy loved consort, on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me, howling winds drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now farewell.—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By Contemplation's help not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again:
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;

And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

A POET TO HIS DAUGHTER.

How have I doated on thine infant smiles
At morning, when thine eyes unclosed on mine;
How, as the months in swift succession rolled,
I marked thy human faculties unfold,
And watched the dawning of the light divine:
And with what artifice of playful guiles
Won from thy lips with still repeated wiles
'Kiss after kiss, a reckoning often told,—
Something I ween thou knowest; for thou hast seen
Thy sisters in their turn such fondness prove,
And felt how childhood in its winning years
The attempered soul to tenderness can move.
This thou canst tell; but not the hopes and fears
With which a parent's heart doth overflow—
The thoughts and cares inwoven with that love—
Its nature and its depth thou dost not, canst not know.
The years which since thy birth have passed away
May well, to thy young retrospect, appear
A measureless extent:—like yesterday
To me, so soon they filled their short career.
To thee discourse of reason have they brought,
With sense of time and change; and something, too,
Of this precarious state of things have taught,
Where man abideth never in one stay:
And of mortality a mournful thought.
And I have seen thine eyes suffused in grief,
When I have said that with autumnal grey
The touch of old hath marked thy father's head;

That even the longest day of life is brief,
And mine is falling fast into the yellow leaf.
  Thy happy nature from the painful thought
With instinct turns, and scarcely canst thou bear
To hear me name the grave ; thou knowest not
How large a portion of my heart is there !
The faces which I loved in infancy
Are gone ; and bosom friends of riper age,
With whom I gladly talked of years to come,
Summoned before me to their heritage,
Are in the better world, beyond the tomb.
And I have brethren there, and sisters dear,
And dearer babes. I therefore needs must dwell
Often in thought with those whom still I love well.

SOUTHEY.

THE LYRE.

PART III.

LINES ON THE HARE-BELL.

With drooping bells of clearest blue,
Thou didst attract my childish view,
Almost resembling
The azure butterflies that flew
Where on the heath thy blossoms grew,
So lightly trembling.

'Mid ruins crumbling to decay,
Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,
Still freshly springing;
Where pride and pomp have passed away,
On mossy tomb and turret grey,
Like friendship clinging.

Thee, Memory still delights to wear,
Entwining in her shadowy hair
Thy simple blossom;
Chief when the wild autumnal air
Thrills the fine chords of joy and care
Along her bosom.

What time each brighter bloom arrayed
In transient beauty is decayed,
And thou appearest
Alone beneath the hedge-row shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
The last and dearest.

Beneath even wintry tempests bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
I 've seen thee bending;
Pale, as the pale blue veins that streak
Consumption's thin, transparent cheek,
With death-hues blending.

Thou shalt be sorrow's love and mine,
The violet and the eglantine
With spring are banished;
In summer's beam the roses shine,
But I of thee my wreath will twine
When these are vanished.

C. TAYLER.

GENIUS.

From heaven my strains begin; from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorned the globe,
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then lived the Almighty One: then deep retired
In his unfathomed essence, viewed the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,

The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fixed,
His admiration; till in time complete,
What he admirèd and loved, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves;
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold:
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.
But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveiled. For since the claims
Of social life, to different labours urge
The active powers of man; with wise intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven: to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
Were destined: some within a finer mould
She wrought, and tempered with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand—
In earth, or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form,

Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portrayed
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms;
Enamoured they partake the eternal joy.

AKENSIDE.

SLEEP.

What is it that stills the sigh of sorrow,
And forbids her tears to flow?
That allows the desolate-hearted to borrow
A transient relief from wo?
It is thou, sweet Sleep! Oh then listen to me!
Be it but in thy dreams, while I sing of thee.

Could I embody the thoughts which now
Pass my soul's living tablet over,
No being more lovely and fair than thou,
Before mortal eye could hover;
Not deathly and pale, like a spectre stealing
On the slumberer whose eyes thy power is sealing:

But a form full of beauty, of joy, and grace,
And features with kindness bright,
Such as a Rafaelle would love to trace!
A creature of glory and light,
With a silvery cloud to chasten each hue,
Too radiant else, should arise to view.

With an angel eye, and a brow that never
Had been other than meekly calm;
And lips which a soft smile seems to sever,
Such as shed round a soothing charm;
With a step more light than zephyr's sigh,
Would I paint thee in loveliness passing by.

Such could I fancy thee, roving far
  Beneath the pale moon's glistening beam;
Or the fainter light of heaven's fairest star,
  Attended by many a shadowy dream;
Those purer visions in mercy given
To slumbering souls when they dream of heaven!

By an infant's couch I behold thee sit,
  Its widowed parent's earthly treasure,
And over its features like sunshine, flit
  Bright beams of half-unconscious pleasure:
Smiles of a spirit that knows no fears,
Such as belong not to after years.

And then to its parent, disconsolate hearted
  But for that cherub, thou turn'st; and lo!
The undried tear, which perhaps had started
  Before those eyelids could slumber know,
Like a dew-drop at morn is exhaled, in the union
Of souls, still mingling in blest communion.

And last to the bed of some dying saint
  I can fancy thee gliding with noiseless foot,
Who, worn out with anguish and ready to faint,
  Ere thou drew'st nigh, was patiently mute.
Thou comest; and straight on his closing lids
Falls a spell, that protracted pain forbids.

As soon as his eyes soft slumbers seal,
  He forgets all the anguish he felt before;
And the glory his faded features reveal
  Tells whither his thoughts exulting soar.
He seems to have cast off his mortal array,
"And walks in the light of a sunless day."

Must he awake upon earth to prove
The vision but cheated? Oh! rather say,
That He, who is goodness, compassion, and love,
Permits him in slumber to pass away;
And all in that dream he could feel or see,
Is his, through a blissful eternity!

B. BARTON.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

"Thou lovely moon!" cried Alfred as he roamed
Across the trackless moor, all wide and waste,
Bearing his infant child. Alswitha leaned
Upon his arm, for they had wandered long,
And it was night. "Thou lovely moon," he cried,
"How calm thou art! thou journeyest on thy way,
Nor heed'st the many mists that now and then
Awhile conceal thee; for thou passest on,
Casting thine eye disdainful, at the clouds,
The low and scattered clouds that fain would hide
Thy majesty, refulgent Queen of night!
And have not I a mind, a better part!
More vast than is yon orb? an intellect
That ranges unconfined through time and space,
Scorning their narrow limits? What is this,—
This thinking faculty? this prisoned soul—
Teeming with vast desires, that acts and plans
Within me? Is it not ere long ordained
To cast aside its fetters, and assert
Its native dignity? I know it is!
Ay, in those regions, where thou sittest enthroned
In empyrean glory, lovely moon!
I feel a sudden and mysterious calm
Shoot through my frame. This mind will copy thee.
Go on, ye grovelling clouds! increase in size
And number! gather round my head and strive

To hide that light eternal! call the winds
And tempest to your aid! yet undisturbed
I will behold your impotence, and smile.
Sorrows and pangs of frail humanity!
Upon the wings of ages do ye fly,
Fast as the clouds of night, whilst I shall live,
Clad in the robe of immortality,
When yon bright orb is quenched!

COTTLE.

CHARITY.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounced, or angel sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracles and law:
Yet gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer;
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A cymbal's sound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.
Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind:
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride:
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives:

Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
  Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows:
To one fixed purpose dedicates its power,
And, finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.
  As through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show;
So while our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirmed by hope;
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.
  But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispelled;
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.
  Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy;
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
Shalt still survive—
Shalt stand before the host of heaven confessed,
For ever blessing, and for ever blessed.

PRIOR.

TRUE WISDOM.

Pronounce him blest my muse, whom wisdom guides
In her own path, to her own heavenly seat;
Through all the storms his soul securely glides,
Nor can the tempests or the tides,
That rise and roar around, supplant his steady feet.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And seek in vain a passage to his breast;
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
He smiles, and sees them vainly try
To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.

Our head-strong lusts, like a young fiery horse,
Start, and flee raging in a violent course;
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides them,
Checks their career, and turns and guides them,
And bids his reason bridle their licentious force.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he designed,
While he looks down and pities human faults;
Nor can he think, nor can he find
A plague like reigning passions, and a subject mind.

But oh! 't is mighty toil to reach this height,
To vanquish self is a laborious art;
What manly courage to sustain the fight,
To bear the noble pain, and part
With those dear charming tempters rooted in the heart!

Hard; but it may be done. Come heavenly fire,
Come to my breast, and with one powerful ray,
Melt off my lusts, my fetters: I can bear
Awhile to be a tenant here,
But not be chained and prisoned in a cage of clay.

Heaven is my home, and I must use my wings;
Sublime above the globe my flight aspires:
I have a soul was made to pity kings,
And all their little glittering things;
I have a soul was made for Infinite desires.

Loosed from the earth, my heart is upward flown;
Farewell, my friends, and all that once was mine:
Now, should you fix my feet on Cæsar's throne,
Crown me and call the world my own,
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my soul confine.

Thus I with angels live; thus half divine
I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys:
Filled with his love I feel that God is mine,
His glory is my great design,
That everlasting project all my thoughts employs.

WATTS.

RETROSPECTION.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased,
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear,
In cadence sweet; now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on;
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept. Wherever I have heard

A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace,
As in a map the voyager his course,
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seemed not always short; the rugged path
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Moved many a sigh at its disheartening length.
Yet feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revoked,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We missed that happiness we might have found!
Some friend is gone; perhaps his son's best friend,
A father, whose authority in show,
When most severe, and mustering all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might lower,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
Threatening at once and nourishing the plant.
We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand
That reared us. At a thoughtless age, allured
By every gilded folly, we renounced
His sheltering side, and wilfully forewent
That converse, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recal to life
The boy's neglected sire! a mother too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, since they went, subdued and tamed
The playful humour; he could now endure,
Himself grown sober in the vale of tears,
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.

But not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
The few who pray at all pray oft amiss,
And seeking grace to improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

COWPER.

HOPE IN DEATH.

Upon mine ear, methought, at midnight hour,
When all beside was still, there came a sound,
Deep, full, and solemn, issuing from the ground;
A chorus swelled with wild, unearthly power,
And *this* its burden :—" Pilgrim of a day!
Few, dark, and evil shall thy hours be here,
Oft shall thy cheek be stained with earthly tear,
And thou in loneliness shalt pass away,
And join thy sleeping kindred."—Ceased the strain,
But oh! what angel accents came there then!
It was a voice from heavèn: and again
Intense I listened—" Blessèd are the men,"
It said, " that die in Jesus: for they rest
From earthly labours, and their souls are blessed."

ANON.

"ONLY BELIEVE."

O how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile;

From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscribed above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quickening words—*Believe and live!*
Too many, shocked at what should charm them most,
Despise the plain direction, and are lost.
Heaven on such terms! (they cry with proud disdain)
Incredible, impossible, and vain!—
Rebel, because 't is easy to obey;
And scorn, for its own sake, the gracious way.
These are the sober, in whose cooler brains
Some thought of immortality remains;
The rest, too busy or too gay to wait
On the sad theme, their everlasting state,
Sport for a day, and perish in a night,
The foam upon the waters not so light.

COWPER.

TO A SKULL.

Deserted temple of the heaven-born spirit,
  Thy glory's gone, and thou art desolate!
Thy ruined shrines the greedy worms inherit,
  And pale corruption broods where reason sate;
Time's restless fingers have effaced each line,
That once proclaimed thy origin divine.

How art thou spoiled that wert ere while the abode
  Of passions strong, and sentiments refined!
Where burned the light kindled by highest God—
  A faint reflection of the Eternal Mind;
And magic fancy and excursive thought,
Their various treasure to thy altar brought.

Of the strange motley crowd here fleetly ranging,
  No trace within these mouldering walls remains;
Nor one dim vestige rests of ever-changing
  Sorrows and joys, or hopes or fears or pains:
Silent, in lone decay, no echo tells
Of aught once passing in these empty cells.

Ah! where are reason, thought, and feeling now?
  The spirit where, that beamed in brightness here?
By all deserted, in the dust laid low,
  Is this poor relic. In some higher sphere
Does the immortal soul enlarge its powers,
Dilate its being through uncounted hours?

When forced to quit its first and loved abode,
  Wondering and trembling at the sudden change,
Along what aery, undiscovered road
  Did it first travel? by what method strange?
Where did it find its earliest resting-place,
And view admiring, realms of boundless space?

Did angels bear it high and higher still,
  To the third heaven, the abode of Deity,
Who dwells in brightness inconceivable,
  Encircled by the adoring family
Of men redeemed, cherubs, and seraphim,
Who fill his courts with a perpetual hymn?

And does it then forget its earthly house,
  The tabernacle of decaying clay?
Does hope survive, and the blest spirit rouse
  To joyful expectation of the day
When Power Divine shall from this ruin raise
A glorious temple to his endless praise?

C. T. GAUNTLETT.

THE MOTHER.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep my boy:
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but ah! more blessed than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner, at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my wo?"
So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply.
But when the cherub lip hath learned to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;

How fondly looks admiring hope the while,
At every artless tear and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

CAMPBELL.

THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots forth perfection through the swelling year!
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful, mixed with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.

But wandering oft with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, streaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes.
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms!
Where o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.

Great Source of Day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls; be hushed the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills, ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive lowe,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela! charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
  Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant, barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam

Flames on the Atlantic isles ; 't is nought to me :
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
From *seeming evil* still educing *good*,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable ;
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

THOMSON.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

The cheerful supper done, with serious face,
  They round the ingle form a circle wide ;
The Sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace,
  The big ha'-Bible, once his father's pride :
  His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare :
  Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And "Let us worship God," he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simplest guise :
  They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
  Or plaintive Martyr's, worthy of the name ;
  Or noble Elgin's beats the heavenward flame,

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
  Compared with these, Italian trills are tame:
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
No unison have they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
  How Abraham was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
  With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
  Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire;
  Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or, rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
  How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
  Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
  How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
  How he, who lone in Patmos banishëd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by
    Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal King,
  The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
  That thus they all shall meet in future days,
  There, ever bask in uncreated rays;
No more to sigh, nor shed the bitter tear,
  Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
  In all the pomp of method and of art,

When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous train, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart
May hear, well-pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

BURNS

TO SARISSA.

Bear up, Sarissa, through the ruffling storms,
Of a vain vexing world: tread down the cares,
Those rugged thorns that lie across the road,
Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the muse,
She sings experienced truth: this briny dew,
This rain of eyes will make the briars grow.
We travel through a desert, and our feet
Have measured a fair space, have left behind
A thousand dangers and a thousand snares
Well 'scaped. Adieu! ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finished labours, and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: the twinge of real smart,
And the false terrors of ill-boding dreams
Vanish together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.
Farewell, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watched behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height: then silence reigned
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witnessed our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns,
Or richer orb, ye silvered o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light

To mourners. Now ye have fulfilled your round,
Those hours are fled, farewell. Months that are gone,
Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows passed,
Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly
Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight; the sailors safe,
Look far astern till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler muse
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion; buried deep in night,
Lose them, Sarissa, and assist my song.
  Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of fate's immortal Now, divides the past
From all the future, with eternal bars
Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us; every grief we feel
Shortens the destined number; every pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At life's sweet period: Oh, celestial point
That ends this mortal story!
  But if a glimpse of light with flattering ray
Breaks through the clouds of life, or wandering fire
Amidst the shades invite your doleful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor: faithless guide,
That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death!
Should vicious pleasure take an angel-form,
And at a distance rise by slow degrees,
Treacherous to wind herself into your heart,
Stand firm aloof; nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze; the just delight
That heaven indulges, lawful must obey
Superior powers; nor tempt your thoughts too far

In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope
To dangerous size. If it approach your feet,
And court your hand, forbid the intruding joy
To sit too near your heart: still may our souls
Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
Our better-born affections: leave the globe
A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.
Oh! there are gardens of the immortal kind
That crown the heavenly Eden's rising hills
With beauty and with sweets; no lurking mischief
Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs:
The branches bend, laden with life and bliss,
Ripe for the taste; but 't is a steep ascent:
Hold fast the golden chain* let down from heaven.
'T will help your feet and wings; I feel its force
Draw upwards; fastened to the pearly gate,
It guides the way unerring: happy clue
Through this dark wild! 'T was wisdom's noblest work,
All joined by power divine, and every link is love.

WATTS.

* The Gospel.

"THOUGH HE WAS RICH, YET FOR OUR SAKES HE BECAME POOR."

For thou didst die for me, oh! Son of God!
By thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn,
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,
And tempests beat thy houseless head forlorn.
Thou that wert wont to stand
Alone, on God's right hand,
Before the ages were, the Eternal, Eldest-born.

They dragged thee to the Roman's solemn hall,
Where the proud judge in purple splendour sate;
Thou stood'st a meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;

Whose throne shall be the world,
In final ruin hurled,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,
When "Crucify him!" yelled the general shout;
No hand to guard thee mid those insults rude,
Nor lips to bless thee in that frantic rout;
Whose lightest whispered word
The Seraphim had heard,
And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke out.

They bound thy temples with the twisted thorn,
Thy bruisëd feet went languid on with pain;
The blood from all thy flesh with scourges torn,
Deepened thy robe of mockery's crimson grain;
Whose native vesture bright
Was the unapproachëd light,
The sandal of whose foot the rapid hurricane.

Low bowed thy head convulsed, and drooped in death,
Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry;
Slow struggled from thy breast the parting breath,
And every limb was wrung with agony.
That head, whose veil-less blaze
Filled angels with amaze,
When at that voice sprang forth the rolling suns on high.

And thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,
Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-clothes bound;
The sealëd stone confirmed thy mortal doom,
Lone watchmen walked thy desert burial-ground,
Whom heaven could not contain,
Nor the immeasurable plain
Of vast Infinity enclose or circle round.

For us, for us, thou didst endure the pain,
And thy meek spirit bowed itself to shame,
To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,
To avert the Father's wrathful vengeance flame:
Thou that could'st nothing win
By saving worlds from sin,
Nor aught of glory add to thy all-glorious name.

MILMAN.

"THEY LAID HIM IN A SEPULCHRE; BUT GOD RAISED HIM FROM THE DEAD."

What scene is this?—Amidst involving gloom,
The moonlight lingers on a lonely tomb;
No noise disturbs the garden's hallowed bound,
But the watch walking on their midnight round:
Ah! who lies here, with marred and bloodless mien,
In whom no form or comeliness is seen;
His livid limbs with nails and scourges torn,
His side transpierced, his temples wreathed with thorn?
'T is He, the "Man of Sorrows!" He who bore
Our sins and chastisement:—His toils are o'er.
On earth erewhile a suffering life he led,
Here hath he found a place to lay his head;
Ranked with transgressors he resigned his breath;
But with the rich he made his bed in death.
Sweet is the grave where angels watch and weep;
Sweet is the grave, and sanctified his sleep:
Rest, O my spirit! by this martyred form,
This wreck, that sunk beneath the Almighty storm,
When floods of wrath, that weighed the world to hell,
On him alone, in righteous vengeance fell;
While men derided, demons urged his woes,
And God forsook him,—till the awful close;

Then, in triumphant agony, he cried,
—"'T is finished!"—bowed his sacred head, and died.
Death, as he struck that noblest victim, found
His sting was lost for ever in the wound:
The Grave, that holds his corse, her richest prize,
Shall yield him back, victorious, to the skies.
He lives;—ye bars of steel! ye gates of brass!
Give way, and let the King of Glory pass!
He lives;—ye golden portals of the spheres!
Open, the Sun of Righteousness appears.
He who alone in mortal conflict trod
The mighty wine-press of the wrath of God,
Ascends triumphant, bruised the serpent's head,—
Captive by him Captivity is led;
Henceforth He reigns with undivided power,
To Earth's last bounds, to Nature's final hour.

MONTGOMERY.

THE ASCENSION.

"Toss up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of Glory enter in!
At whose brave volley of siderial states,
The sun to blush, and stars grow pale were seen;
When leaping first from earth, he did begin
To climb his angel wings: then open hang
Your crystal doors!" So all the chorus sang
Of heavenly birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang.

Hark! how the floods clap their applauding hands,
The pleasant valleys singing for delight;
The wanton mountains dance about the lands,
The while the fields, struck with the heavenly light,
Set all their flowers a smiling at the sight,

The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the sound
Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crowned
The flaming Lamb, breaking through heaven hath
passage found.

Out leap the antique patriarchs, all in haste,
To see the powers of hell in triumph led,
And with small stars a garland interchased
Of olive-leaves they bore to crown his head,
That was before with thorns deglorièd:
After them flew the prophets, brightly stoled
In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their ivory harps, strung all in cords of gold.

To which the saints victorious carols sung,
Ten thousand saints at once, that with the sound
The hollow vault of heaven for triumph rung:
The cherubim their clamours did confound
With all the rest, and clapt their wings around:
Down from their thrones the dominations flow,
And at his feet their crowns and sceptres throw,
And all the princely souls fell on their faces low.

Nor can the martyrs' wounds them stay behind,
But out they rush among the heavenly crowd,
Seeking their heaven out of their heaven to find,
Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise broke through the starry
cloud,
And all the virgin souls in pure array,
Came dancing forth, and making joyous play:
So Him they led along into the courts of day.

GILES FLETCHER.

THE CHRISTIAN TO THE UNBELIEVER.

To you the beauties of the autumnal year
Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
Doomed to the grave's long winter, spirit broke,
Bending beneath the burthen of his years,
Sense-dulled and fretful, full of aches and pains,
Yet clinging still to life. To me they show
The calm decay of nature, when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
That makes old age look lovely. All to you
Is dark and cheerless: you in this fair world
See some destroying principle abroad,
Air, earth, and water, full of living things
Each on the other preying; and the ways
Of man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,
Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
That should in death bring comfort. Oh, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; couldst behold
The strifes and tumults of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! all things then
Would minister to joy; then should thy heart
Be healed and harmonized, and thou shouldst feel
God, always, every where, and all in all.

SOUTHEY.

"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

Oh! doubt not thy memory liveth
  In the hearts of survivors on earth;
And soothing the pleasure it giveth,
  To mourners who muse on thy worth.

We had hopes it was pleasure to nourish,
  Then how should our sorrow be mute!
That those bright buds of genius would flourish,
  And burst into blossoms and fruit.

But our hopes and our prospects are shaded;
  For the plant that inspired them hath shed
Its foliage, all green and unfaded,
  Ere the beauty of spring-time hath fled.

Like foam on the crest of the billow,
  Which sparkles and sinks from the sight;
Like the leaf of the wind-shaken willow,
  Though transiently, beauteously bright:

Like dew-drops exhaled as they glisten;
  Like perfume which dies soon as shed;
Like melody hushed as we listen;—
  Is memory's dream of the dead.

Redeemed by the God who first made thee,
  Unto whom be the glory alone:
With the tree of life only to shade thee
  From the brightness encircling his throne;

Henceforth thou art ranked with the daughters
  To whom the "new song" hath been given;
Whose voice, like the voice of vast waters,
  Everlastingly echoes in heaven. BARTON.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MINSTREL.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair:
His birth no oracle nor seer foretold;
No prodigy appeared in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parents' transport and the parents' care;
The gossips' prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth;
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy:
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sighed, yet blessed the lad;
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or, where the maze of some bewildered stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring;
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the wo of any living thing .

By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested; those he scorned to wield:
He wished to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field:
And saw the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! when the stripling, wrapt in wonder, woos
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine,
And sees on high, amid the 'encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine;
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies—
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign,
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great nature's charms to
prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west, the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean,
smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and water-falls, along the hoar profound.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene,
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wished not to control.

BEATTIE.

EPISTLE

TO AN AFFLICTED PROTESTANT LADY IN FRANCE.

Madam, a stranger's purpose in these lays,
Is to congratulate, and not to praise.
To give the creature the Creator's due
Were sin in me, and an offence to you.
From man to man, or e'en to woman paid,
Praise is the medium of a knavish trade;
A coin by craft for folly's use designed,
Spurious, and only current with the blind.
The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown:
No traveller ever reached that blessed abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.
The world may dance along the flowery plain,
Cheered as they go, by many a sprightly strain;
Where nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet they yet securely tread;
Admonished, scorn the caution and the friend,
Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.
But He who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of his love;

That, hard by nature, and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still;
In pity to the souls his grace designed
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, "Go, spend them in a vale of tears."
Oh balmy gales of soul-reviving air!
Oh salutary streams that murmur there!
These flowing from the fount of grace above,
Those breathed from lips of everlasting love.
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys,
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys;
An envious world will interpose its frown
To mar delights superior to its own;
And many a pang experienced still within,
Reminds them of their hated inmate Sin:
But ills of every shape and every name,
Transformed to blessings, miss their cruel aim;
And every moment's calm within the breast,
Is given in earnest of eternal rest.
Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
Far from the flock, and in a boundless waste!
No shepherds' tents within thy view appear,
But the chief Shepherd even there is near;
Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain
Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain;
Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
And every drop bespeaks a Saviour thine—
So once in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,
And drought on all the drooping herbs around.

COWPER.

SUNDAY.

O Day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay:
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth shew the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face *thou* art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-days are the back part:
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight-forward gone
To endless death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round, to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace archëd lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders,
In God's rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.

On Sunday heavën's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there, for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The Rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move:
As Sampson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven.

HERBERT.

THE PLEASURES ARISING FROM A CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

Oh, blessed of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the Syren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature, fair imagination culls
To charm the enlivened soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state:
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his; whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft

In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair-inspired delight: her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal Majesty that weighed
The world's foundations; if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye, then mightier far
Will be the change and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

AKENSIDE.

HENRY THE FOURTH'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects,
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case to a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes:
Can'st thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown;
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKSPEARE.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed;

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tombs no trophy raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of Ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near the favourite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne;
Approach and read—for thou canst read—the lay,
Graved on the stone, beneath yon agëd thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him as her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear,
He gained from heaven,—'t was all he wished,—
a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his father and his God.

GRAY.

LAVINIA.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune smiled deceitful on her birth:
For, in her helpless years, deprived of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and heaven,
She, with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, concealed.
Together thus they shunned the cruel scorn
Which virtue sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion, and low-minded pride;
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;

Or, when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrilled in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,
Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress: for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close embowering woods:
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourished, blooming and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till at length compelled
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient, uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanced beside his reaper train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick,
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty concealed.

* * * * * * * * *

"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
She whom my restless gratitude has sought

So long in vain? O, yes! the very same,
The softened image of my noble friend,
Alive, his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touched. Sweeter than spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourished up my fortune! say, ah where,
In what sequestered desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted heaven,
Into such beauty spread and blown so fair?
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years,
O, let me now, into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill-applied to such a rugged task:
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine,
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavished, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee."
Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blushed consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate:
Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seized her withered veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:

Not less enraptured than the happy pair;
Who flourished long in tender bliss, and reared
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

THOMSON.

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides. There 's not a chain
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off,
With as much ease as Sampson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy,
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say,—*My Father* made them all!
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That planned and built, and still upholds, a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeached

Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates Nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea,
With all the roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

COWPER.

ALL NATURE PROCLAIMS A DEITY.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
The soul that sees Him, or receives sublimed
New faculties, or learns at least to employ
More worthily the powers she owned before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked,
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial, in the vast, and the minute,
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,

And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds,
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they,
With which heaven rang, when every star, in haste
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy.—Tell me, ye shining hosts,
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reached this nether world, ye spy a race
Favoured as ours, transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doomed to rise,
And to possess a brighter heaven than yours?
As one, who long detained on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleached and battered rocks,
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordained to guide the embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires,
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infused from heaven, must thither tend.

COWPER.

THE CAPTIVE BROTHERS.

He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departed rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright:
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot;
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence, lost
In this sad loss, of all the worst.
And then the sighs he would suppress,
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
A light broke in upon my brain,
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful, till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery:
But then by slow degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon-walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;
I saw the glimmer of the sun,
Creeping as it before had done;
But through the crevice where it came,
That bird was perched, as fond, as tame,

And tamer than when on the tree;
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me;
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate;
And it was come to love me, when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke a cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine.
Or if it were in wingëd guise,
A visitant of Paradise;
For Heaven forgive the thought, the while
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come back to me.
But then at last away it flew,
And then 't was mortal, well I knew;
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone;
Lone as the corse within the shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a summer's day
When all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

BYRON.

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sittest above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end.
Fairest of stars! last in the train of night!
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st:
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies:
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things: let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise,
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streamy lake, dusky or grey,

Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heavën-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep:
Witness if I be silent, morn or e'en,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still,
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

THE GROTTO OF EGERIA.*

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
  With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
  Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
  Whose green, wild margins now no more erase
Art's works; nor must thy delicate waters sleep,
  Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base

* One of the grottoes sacred to Egeria, where Numa is said to have held nightly consultations with her.

Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violets' deep blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies.

BYRON.

THE MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma, begin the song,
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more.—Oh, Thou, my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times the Bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies;
The etherial Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descend the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing Plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe! be born.
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way, a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains! and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes, by ancient Bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day,
'T is he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:

Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes:
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end:
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts amid the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragons' late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
Waste, sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir, and stately box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed;
The lambs with wolves shall grace the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk, and speckled snake;
Pleased, the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise,
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes,
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts; the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

POPE.

PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day, 't is madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 't is so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, that all men are about to live,
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think

They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own, their *future* selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead.
Time lodged in their own hands, is folly's vails;
That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone*:
'T is not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All *promise* is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is found,
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death;
Even with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

YOUNG.

MELANCHOLY.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait;
And looks commércing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thy eyes.
First and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelëd throne,
The cherub Contemplatiön;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak;
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound

Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still, removëd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.
  Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear;
Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves:
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archëd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavëd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,

Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy feathered sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid,
And as I wake sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
  But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowëd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voicëd quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes!

MILTON.

THE LYRE.

PART IV.

HYMN TO CHRIST.

O blessed Well of Love! O Flower of Grace!
O glorious Morning-star! O Lamp of Light!
Most lively image of thy Father's face,
Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us for guerdon of thy pain:
Ah me! what can us less than that behove?
Had he requirëd life of us again,
Had it been wrong to ask his own with gain?
He gave us life, he it restorëd, lost;
Then life were least that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was bann'd;
Nor aught demands but that we loving be,
As he himself hath loved us aforehand,
And bound these to with an eternal band,
Him first to love that was so dearly bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Sweet mercy he by his most holy reede,
Unto us taught, and to approve it true,
Ensampled it by his most righteous deed,
Shewing us mercy (miserable crew!)
That we the like should to the wretched shew,
And love our brethren, thereby to approve
How much himself that lovëd us, we love.

Behold through love how he encradled was,
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toilful ox and humble ass,
And in what rags, and in how base array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the simple shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence read on the story of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty ways,
His cankered foes, his fights, his toils, his strife,
His pains, his poverty, his sharp assays,
Through which he passed his miserable days,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being envied both of great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wights,
He taken was, betrayed and false accused,
How with most scornful taunts, and fell despights,
He was reviled, disgraced, and foul abused;
How scourged, how crowned, how buffeted, how bruised;
And lastly, how 'twixt robbers crucified,
With bitter wound through hands, through feet, and side!

Then let thy flinty heart, that feels no pain,
Empiercëd be with pitiful remorse,
And let thy bowels bleed in every vein,
At sight of his most sacred, heavenly corse,

So torn and mangled with malicious force;
And let thy soul, whose sins his sorrows wrought,
Melt into tears, and groan in grievëd thought.

With sense whereof, whilst so thy softened spirit
Is inly touched, and humbled with meek zeal,
Through meditation of his endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to the Author of thy weal,
And to his sovereign mercy do appeal;
Learn him to love that lovëd thee so dear,
And in thy breast his blessed image bear.

With all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,
Thou must him love, and his behests embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and stir up affection's base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thyself unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himself to thee.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee die,
And all earth's glory, on which men do gaze,
Seem dirt and dross in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compared to that celestial beauty's blaze,
Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravished soul inspirëd be
With heavenly thoughts, far above human skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
The idea of his pure glory present still
Before thy face, that all thy mind shall fill
With heavenly ardour of celestial love,
Kindled through light of those fair things above.

SPENSER.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
O Earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
That secret coming of the Son of Man.
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign:
When that great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away:
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage-feasts begin their jocund strain;
Still to the pouring out the cup of wo;
Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.

The hundred-gated cities then,
The towers and temples, named of men
Eternal, and the thrones of kings;
The gilded summer palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the bird of pleasure sings;
Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go, gaze on fallen Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurled,
The skies are shrivelled like a burning scroll,
And the vast doom ensepulchres the world.

Oh! who shall then survive?
Oh! who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been is no more;
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair,
In the sky's azure canopy,
When for the breathing earth and sparkling sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
A fiery deluge, and without an ark.

Lord of all Power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal, fiery-wheelëd throne,
That in its high meridian noon
Needs not the perished sun nor moon:
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
Wide-sceptred monarch o'er the realm of doom:
When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round thee wait:
And when the tribes of wickedness are strown,
Like forest leaves in the autumn of thine ire:
Faithful and true! thou still wilt save thine own:
The saints shall dwell within the unharming fire,
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
So shall thy church, thy bright and mystic bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
Yes, mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines,
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, Almightiest to redeem.

MILMAN.

TASTE.

Say what is taste, but the internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime; with quick disgust
Of things deformed, or disarranged, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain,
Who journeys homeward from a summer-day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sun-shine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky. Full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutored airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty, smiling at his heart.
How lovely! how commanding! But tho' heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony and grace,

And gentlest beauty. Hence, when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunder rocks the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky,
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantain shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft warbling, all the live-long day:
Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint melodious, mute the groves,
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

AKENSIDE.

TRUE COURAGE.

Honour demands my song. Forget the ground,
My generous muse, and sit among the stars.
There sing the soul, that, conscious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world
Amongst her dying clods, and bears her state,
Just to herself: how nobly she maintains
Her character! superior to the flesh,
She wields her passions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal powers were only born to obey.
This is the man whom storms could never make
Meanly complain; nor can a flattering gale
Make him talk proudly: he hath no desire

To read his secret fate; yet unconcerned
And calm could meet his unborn destiny,
In all its charming or its frightful shapes.
He that unshrinking, and without a groan,
Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
With mere courageous silence, and come off
Conqueror; for the man that well conceals
The heavy strokes of fate, he bears them well.
He though the Atlantic and the Midland seas,
With adverse surges meet, and rise on high
Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush amain,
Mingled with flames upon his single head,
And clouds, and stars, and thunder, firm he stands
Secure of his best life; unhurt, unmoved;
And drops his lower nature, born for death.
Then from the lofty castle of his mind
Sublime looks down, exulting, and surveys
The ruins of creation;—souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds;—a piercing glance
Shoots upward from between his closing lids,
To reach his birth-place, and without a sigh,
He bids his battered flesh lie gently down
Amongst his native rubbish; whilst the spirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted guest
Of the third heaven, the unruinable sky.
Thither when Fate has brought our willing souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease,
Or a sharp sword that helped the travellers on,
And pushed us to our home. Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break through the stormy brine
With steady prow; know, we shall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliss,
To which we ever steer; whether as kings
Of wide command, we've spread the spacious sea,
With a broad painted fleet, or rowed along
In a thin cock-boat, with a little oar.

There let my native plank shift me to land,
And I'll be happy: thus I'll leap ashore,
Joyful and fearless, on the immortal coast,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

WATTS.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

Oh thou vast Ocean! ever sounding Sea!
Thou symbol of a drear Immensity!
Thou thing, that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which downward hurled
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is like a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily-laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this; nor chance nor change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
But o'er its wastes, the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go.
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass, like visions to their viewless home,
And come again, and vanish: the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
And Winter always winds its sullen horn,
And the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken when the summer flies.

Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with
heaven.
Thou trackless and immeasurable Main;
On thee no record ever lived again,
To meet the hand that writ it: line nor lead
Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,
Where haply thy huge monster swells and sleeps,
King of his watery limit, who, 't is said
Can move the mighty ocean into storm.
Oh! wonderful thou art, great Element!
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach,
"Eternity! Eternity and Power."

B. CORNWALL.

WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined:
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannons' opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder, cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve, in Beauty's circle, proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day,

Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

BYRON.

THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering, in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator, the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark—heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread fathomless! alone.

BYRON.

THE SWISS MOUNTAINEER.

When warm from myrtle bays and tranquil seas,
Comes on, to whisper hope, the vernal breeze;
When hums the mountain bee in May's glad ear,
And emerald isles to spot the heights appear;
When shouts and lowing herds the valley fill,
And louder torrents stun the noon-tide hill;
When fragrant scents beneath the enchanted tread
Spring up, his choicest wealth around him spread,
The pastoral Swiss begins the cliffs to scale,
To silence leaving the deserted vale,
Mounts, where the verdure leads, from stage to stage,
And pastures on, as in the Patriarchs' age;
O'er lofty heights serene and still they go,
And hear the rattling thunder far below.
They cross the chasmy torrent's foam-lit bed,
Rocked on the dizzy larch's narrow tread;
Or steal beneath loose mountains, half deterred,
That sigh and shudder to the lowing herd.
—I see him; up the midway cliff he creeps
To where a scanty knot of verdure peeps,
Thence down the steep a pile of grass he throws,
The fodder of his herds in winter snows.
'T is morn; with gold the verdant mountain glows,
More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
Far stretched beneath the many-tinted hills
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
A solemn sea! whose vales and mountains round
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound.
A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide
And bottomless, divides the midway tide.
Like leaning masts of stranded ships appear
The pines that near the coast their summits rear;
Of cabins, woods, and lawns, a pleasant shore
Bounds calm and clear the chaos still and hoar;

Loud through that midway gulf ascending, sound
Unnumbered streams with hollow roar profound;
Mount through the nearer mist the chant of birds,
And talking voices, and the low of herds;
The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,
The wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest swell.
Think not, suspended from the cliff on high,
He looks below with undelighted eye.
—No vulgar joy is his, at even-tide
Stretched on the scented mountain's purple side:
For as the pleasures of his simple day
Beyond his native valley seldom stray,
Nought round its darling precincts can he find
But brings some past enjoyment to his mind;
While Hope, that ceaseless leans on Pleasure's urn,
Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers his return.

And as his native hills encircle ground
For many a wondrous victory renowned,
The work of Freedom, daring to oppose,
With few in arms, innumerable foes,*
When to those glorious fields his steps are led,
An unknown power connects him with the dead.
For images of other worlds are there;
Awful the light, and holy is the air.
Uncertain through his fierce uncultured soul
Like lighted tempests troubled transports roll;
To viewless realms his spirit towers amain,
Beyond the senses and their little reign.
And oft, when passed that solemn vision by,
He holds with God himself communion high,
Where the dread peal of swelling torrents fills
The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills;

* Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the house of Austria.

Or when upon the mountain's silent brow
Reclined, he sees, above him and below,
Bright stars of ice and azure fields of snow;
While needle-peaks of granite shooting bare,
Tremble in ever-varying tints of air.

When downward to his winter hut he goes,
Dear and more dear the lessening circle grows;
That hut which from the hills his eye employs
So oft, the central point of all his joys.
And as a swift, by tender cares opprest,
Peeps often ere she dart into her nest,
So to the untrodden floor, where round him looks
His father, helpless as the babe he rocks,
Oft he descends to nurse the brother pair,
Till storm and driving ice blockade him there.
There safely guarded by the woods behind,
He hears the chiding of the baffled wind,
Hears Winter, calling all his terrors round,
Rush down the living rocks with whirlwind sound.

WORDSWORTH.

EVENING.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds; but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhœtian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within
it glows,

Filled with the face of heaven, which from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star.
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change: a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

BYRON.

THE REVERIE.

Oh! the hour when this material,
Shall have vanished like a cloud:
When, amid the wide ethereal,
All the invisible shall crowd;
And the naked soul surrounded
With realities unknown,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
Feel herself with God alone!

In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense,
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?

Angels, guard the new immortal,
  Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
  To the spirit's resting-place.

Will she there with fond emotion,
  Aught of human love retain?
Or, absorbed in pure devotion,
  Will no earthly trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dissever,
  With the very heart-strings twined?
Must she part, and part for ever,
  With the friend she leaves behind?

No: the past she still remembers;
  Faith and hope surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
  Which must rise and live anew:
For the widowed lonely spirit
  Mourns, till she be clothed afresh,
Longs perfection to inherit,
  And to triumph in the flesh.

Angels! let the ransomed stranger
  In your tender care be blest;
Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
  Till the trumpet end her rest;
Till the trump which shakes creation,
  Through the circling heaven shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
  Till the bridal of the soul.

Can I trust a fellow-being?
  Can I trust an *angel's* care?
Oh! thou merciful All-seeing,
  Beam around my spirit there!

Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod!
Thou, the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God!

Blessed fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield, Omnipotence:
Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

Lo! it comes, that day of wonder,
Louder chorals shake the skies;
Hades' gates are burst asunder,
See the new-clothed myriads rise!
Thought, repress thy weak endeavour,
Here must reason prostrate fall:
Oh! the ineffable *For Ever*,
And the *Eternal All in All!*

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sov'ran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth the silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,

Deep is the air and dark, substantial black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! but when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gaz'd upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worship'd the Invisible alone.
  Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it;
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing,—then,
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to heaven.
  Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.
  Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
  And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jaggëd rocks,
For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,

Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?
  Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too, have a voice, yon piles of snow;
And in their perilous fall, thunder, God!
  Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds;
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!
  Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me.—Rise, O ever rise,

Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly Spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch; tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

COLERIDGE.

"WHERE IS HE?"

Not to the grave—not to the grave, my soul,
Descend, to contemplate
The form that once was dear:
Feed not on thoughts so loathly horrible—
The spirit is not there,
That kindled that dead eye—
That throbbed in that cold heart—
That in that motionless hand,
Has met thy friendly grasp—
The spirit is not there!
It is that lifeless—perishable flesh
That moulders in the grave:
Earth—air—and water's ministering particles
Now to the elements
Resolved—their uses done!

Not to the grave—not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved:
The spirit is not there!
Often together have we talked of death—
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear—
How sweet it were with powers,
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depths of Heaven!

Oh !—thou hast first
Begun the travel of Eternity!
I gaze amid the stars,
And think that thou art there—
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee,
And we have often said how sweet it were,
With unseen ministry of angel power
To watch the friends we loved—
We did not err—
Sure I have felt thy presence—thou hast given
A birth to holy thought—
Hast kept me from the world unstained and pure—
We did not err—
Our best affections here—
They are not like the toys of infancy—
The soul outgrows them not—
We do not cast them off:
Oh, if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!

Not to the grave!—not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved!
But in the lonely hour—
But in the evening walk—
Think that he companies thy solitude—
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse—
And though Remembrance wake a tear,
There will be *joy in grief.*

SOUTHEY.

MEMORY.

WRITTEN AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

No! this is not the land of Memory,
It is not the home where she dwells,
Though her wandering wayward votary
Is ever the thrall of her spells:
Far off were the fetters woven, which bind
Still closer and closer the exile's mind!

Yet this land was the boast of minstrelsy,
Of the song of the Troubadour;
Whence Charlemagne led his chivalry
To the fields which were fought of yore:
Still the eye of Fancy may see them glance,
Gilded banner and quivering lance.

But Memory from Fancy turns away;
She has wealth of her own to guard:
And whisperings come to her ear, which say
Sweeter things than the song of the bard;
They are solemn and low, and none can hear
The whispers that come to Memory's ear.

They tell of the dews which brightened the way,
By our earliest footsteps pressed;
They tell of the visions hopeful and gay,
Which were born and which died in the breast:
They recall the accents which sweetly spake—
To the soul, when the soul was first awake.

In Memory's land springs never a flower,
Nor the lowliest daisy blooms,
Ne'er a robin chirps from its russet bower,
But to call from their silent tombs
The thoughts and the things which Time's pitiless sway
Has long since swept from the earth away.

In Memory's land waves never a leaf,
  There never a summer-breeze blows,
But some long-smothered thought of joy or grief,
  Starts up from its long repose:
And forms are living and visible there,
Which vanished long since from our earthly
    sphere.

I would not escape from Memory's land,
  For all that the eye can view;
For there 's dearer dust in Memory's land,
  Than the ore in rich Peru:
I clasp the fetters by Memory twined,
The wanderer's heart and soul to bind.

HOLFORD.

ROME.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful,
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owls' long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.

Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach,
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths;
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 't were, anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not.

BYRON.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair,
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;

And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, nor battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still, with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their Sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light,
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean;
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmëd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;

And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom,
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear,
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely warbled voice,
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-faced night arrayed;

The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

MILTON.

REDEMPTION.

With joy,—with grief, that healing hand I see;
Ah! too conspicuous! it is fixed on high.
On high?—what means my frenzy? I blaspheme;
Alas! how low! how far beneath the skies!
The skies it formed; and now it bleeds for me—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it *bleeds*.
Draw the dire steel—ah no! the dreadful blessing
What heart or can sustain, or dares forego?

There hangs all human hope: that nail supports
The falling universe: that gone, we drop!
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
Creation had been smothered in her birth—
Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust;
When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell?
Oh, what a groan was there! a groan not His.
He seized our dreadful right; the load sustained;
And heaved the mountain from a guilty world.
Such contemplations mount us: and should mount
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptured, uninflamed.—Where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? other wonders rise;
And strike where'er they roll: my soul is caught:
Heaven's sovereign blessings, clustering from the cross,
Rush on her in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze! In His blessed life,
I see the path, and, in his death, the price,
And in his great ascent, the proof supreme
Of immortality.—And did he rise?
Hear, oh, ye nations! hear it, oh, ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the King of Glory to come in:
Who is the King of Glory? He who left
His throne of glory for the pang of death:'
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the King of Glory to come in.
Who is the King of Glory? He who slew
The ravenous foe, that gorged all human race!
The King of Glory, he whose glory filled
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumined, wildered in the theme.

Still more—this theme is man's, and man's alone;
Could angels envy, they had envied here.
They sung Creation (for in that they shared;)
How rose in melody, the child of love!
Creation's great Superior, man! is thine;
Thine is redemption: they just gave the key;
'T is thine to raise, and eternize, the song;
Though human, yet divine; for should not this
Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs here?
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime!
Redemption! 't was the labour of the skies:
Far more than labour—it was death in heaven.
A truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder still to disbelieve.
Here pause, and ponder; was there death in heaven?
What then on earth? on earth, which struck the blow?
Who struck it? who?—Oh, how is man enlarged,
Seen through this medium! how the pigmy towers!
How counterpoised his origin from dust!
How counterpoised to dust his sad return!
How voided his vast distance from the skies!
How near he presses on the seraph's wing!
Which is the seraph? which the born of clay?
How this demonstrates, through the thickest cloud
Of guilt, and clay condensed, the son of heaven!
The double son, the made, and the re-made!
And shall heaven's double property be lost?
Man's double madness only can destroy.
To man the bleeding cross has promised all;
The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace;
Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny?
Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee! There shine
The noblest truths; there strongest motives sting;
There sacred violence assaults the soul;

There, nothing but compulsion is forborne.
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
If, in his love, so terrible, what then
His wrath enflamed? his tenderness on fire;
Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires?
Can prayer, can praise avert it? Thou my All!
My Theme! my Inspiration! and my Crown!
My Strength in age! my Rise in low estate!
My soul's Ambition, Pleasure, Wealth! my World!
My Light in darkness! and my Life in death!
My Boast through time! Bliss through eternity!
Eternity too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!

YOUNG.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft to hear her spell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined.
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

Each, for madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
  Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
  Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
  In lightnings owned his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
  And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—
  Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
  'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song;
And when her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden
    hair.
And longer had she sung—but with a frown,
      Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
  And, with a withering look,
  The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
  And ever and anon he beat
  The doubling drum with furious heat;

And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
  Dejected Pity at his side
  Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting
    from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed,
  Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
  And now it courted Love, now raving called on
    Hate.
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
  And dashing soft from rocks around,
  Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
    stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
  Round a holy calm diffusing,
  Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue!
  Her bow across her shoulder flung,
  Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket
    rung,
  The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known;
  The oak-crowned Sisters and their chaste-eyed
    Queen,
  Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen,
  Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;
He with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amid the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower
You learned an all commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well r cal what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'T is said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age.
Even all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—

Oh, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

COLLINS.

TWILIGHT.

I love thee, Twilight! as thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns,
While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts, like the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
Twilight! I love thee; let thy gloom increase
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace.
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the Poet's breast.

MONTGOMERY.

THE SONG OF THE FIRST MINSTREL.

He spake, and it was done;—Eternal night,
At God's command, awakened into light;
He called the elements, Earth, Ocean, Air,
He called them when they were not, and they were:

He looked through space, and kindling o'er the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars came forth to meet his eye :
His Spirit moved upon the desert earth,
And sudden life through all things swarmed to
birth;
Man from the dust he raised to rule the whole;
He breathed, and man became a living soul.
Through Eden's groves the Lord of nature trod,
Upright and pure, the image of his God.
Thus were the heavens and all their host displayed,
In wisdom thus were earth's foundations laid;
The glorious scene a holy sabbath closed,
Amidst his works the Omnipotent reposed:
And while he viewed, and blessed them from his
seat,
All worlds, all beings worshiped at his feet.
The morning stars in choral concert sang,
The rolling deep with hallelujahs rang,
Adoring angels from their orbs rejoice,
The voice of music was Creation's voice.
Alone, along the Lyre of nature sighed
The master-chord, to which no chord replied:
For man, while bliss and beauty reigned around,
For man alone, no fellowship was found,
No fond companion, in whose dearer breast
His heart, repining in his own, might rest;
For, born to love, the heart delights to roam,
A kindred bosom is its happiest home.
On earth's green lap the Father of mankind,
In mild dejection, thoughtfully reclined;
Soft o'er his eyes, a sealing slumber crept,
And Fancy soothed him while Reflection slept.
Then God—who thus would make his counsel
known,
Counsel that willed not Man to dwell alone,
Created Woman with a smile of grace,
And left the smile that made her on her face.

Then, tuned through all the chords supremely sweet,
Exulting Nature found her lyre complete,
And from the key of each harmonious sphere
Struck music worthy of her Maker's ear.

MONTGOMERY.

BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sunk beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale fires flash on high:—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon!
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!

The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field, that each pretends to gain.

Oh! Albuera! glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the pilgrim pricked his steed,
Who could foresee thee in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed?
Peace to the perished! may the warrior's meed,
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song.

BYRON.

WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, between thât smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
Why, how now, Cromwell?
CROM. I have no power to speak, Sir.
WOL. What! amazed
At my misfortunes! Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.————
Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
Let 's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee:
Say, Wolsey that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
(Though the image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right-hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st, oh Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king—

And—pr'ythee lead me in—
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny, 't is the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. Oh Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with the same zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to my enemies!
  CROM. Good Sir, have patience.
  WOL. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of courts! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction: once I loved
Torn ocean's roar; but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood: on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grashopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill:
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill;
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentred in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! oh night,
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice over young earthquake's birth.

Where the swift Rhone through rocks hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft would blast whatever therein lurked.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departed voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passion, feelings strong or weak,

All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word,
And that one word were lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard;
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence; and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

BYRON.

VISIT TO A COUNTRY PARSONAGE.

Then most happy child!
Most favoured! I was sent a frequent guest,
Secure of welcome, to the loveliest home
Of all the country, o'er whose quiet walls
Brooded the twin doves,—Holiness and Peace:
There with thine aged partner did'st thou dwell,
Pastor and master! servant of thy Lord!
Faithful as he, the labours of whose love
Recorded by thy pen, embalm for aye,
The name of Gilpin heired by thee—right heir
Of the saint's mantle, holy Bernard's life,
Its apostolic graces unimpaired,
Renewed in William's virtuous parish priest.
Let me live o'er again, in fond detail,
One of those happy visits. Leave obtained,

Methought the clock stood still. Four hours past
noon,
And not yet started on our three mile walk!
And *six* the vicarage tea hour primitive,
And I should lose that precious hour, most prized,
When in the old man's study, at his feet,
Or nestling close beside him, I might sit
With eye, ear, soul intent on his mild voice,
And face benign, and words so simply wise,
Framed for his childish hearer. "Let us go!"
And like a fawn I bounded on before,
When lagging Jane came forth, and off we went.
Sultry the hour, and hot the dusty way,
Though here and there by leafy screen o'erarched—
And the long broiling hill! and that last mile,
When the small frame waxed weary! the glib tongue
Slackening its motion with the languid limbs.
But joy was in my heart, howe'er suppressed
Its outward show exuberant; and, at length,
Lo! the last turning,—lo! the well-known door,
Festooned about with garlands picturesque,
Of trailing evergreens. Who 's weary now?
Sounding the bell with that impatient pull
That quickens mistress Molly's answering steps
To most unusual promptness. Turns the lock—
The door uncloses—Molly's smiling face
Welcomes unasked. One eager, forward spring,
And farewell to the glaring world without;
And hail repose and verdure, turf and flowers,
Perfume of lilies, through the leafy gloom
White gleaming; and the full, rich, mellow note
Of song-thrush, hidden in the tall thick bay,
Beside the study window! The old house
Through flickering shadows of high arched boughs,
Caught gleams of sunlight on its time-stained walls,
And frieze of mantling vine; and lower down,
Trained among jasmines to the southern bow,

Moss roses, bursting into richest bloom,
Blushed by the open window. *There she sate,*
The venerable lady (her white hair,
White as the snowy coif), upon her book
Or needle-work intent; and near at hand
The maiden-sister friend (a life-long guest)
At her coarse sempstressship—another Dorcas,
Unwearying in the work of charity.
Oh! kindest greeting! as the door unclosed
That welcomed the half-bold half-bashful guest;
And brought me bounding on at half a word,
To meet the proffered kiss. Oh kindest care!
Considerate of my long, hot, dusty walk,
Of hat and tippet that divested me,
And clinging gloves; and from the glowing cheek
And hot brow, parted back the clustering curls,
Applying grateful coolness of clear lymph,
Distilled from fragrant elder. Kindest care
That followed up those offices of love,
By cautionary charge to sit and rest
"Quite still till tea-time." Kindest care, I trow,
But little relished. Restless was my rest,
And wistful eyes still wandering to the door,
Revealed "the secret of my discontent,"
And told where I would be. The lady smiled,
And shook her head and said,—"Well, go your ways
And ask admittance at that certain door
You know so well." All weariness was gone—
Blithe as a bird, thus freed, away I flew,
And in three seconds at the well-known door
Tapped gently; and a gentle voice within
Asking "Who's there?" "It's *me*," I answered low,
Grammatically clear. "Let *me* come in,"
The gentle voice rejoined; and in I stole,
Bashfully silent, as the good man's smile,
And hand extended, drew me to his chair;
And there, all eye and ear, I stood full long,

Still tongueless, as it seemed; love-tempering awe,
Chaining my words up. But so kindly his,
His aspect so benign, his winning art
So graciously conforming; in short time
Awe was absorbed in love, and then unchained
By perfect confidence, the little tongue
Questioned and answered with as careless ease
As might be, from irreverend boldness free.
True love may cast out fear, but not respect,
That fears the very shadow of offence.
How holy was the calm of that still room!
How tenderly the evening light stole in,
As 't were in reverence of its sanctity!
Here and there touching with a golden gleam
Book-shelf or picture-frame, or brightening up
The nosegay set with daily care (love's own)
Upon the study table. Dallying there
Among the books and papers, and with beam
Of softest radiance, starring like a glory
The old man's high bald head and noble brow—
There still I found him, busy with his pen,
(Oh, pen of varied power! found faithful ever,
Faithful and fearless in the one great cause,)
Or some grave tome, or lighter work of taste,
Or that unrivalled pencil, with few strokes,
And sober tinting slight, that wrought effects
Most magical—the poetry of art!
Lovely simplicity! (true wisdom's grace)
That condescending to a simple child,
Spread out before me hoards of graphic treasures;
Smiling encouragement, as I expressed
Delight or censure (for in full good faith
I played the critic), and vouchsafing mild
T' explain or vindicate; in seeming sport
Instructing ever; and on graver themes
Winning my heart to listen, as he taught
Things that pertain to life. Oh precious seed!

Sown early; soon, too soon the sower's hand,
The immediate mortal instrument withdrawn,
Tares of this evil world sprang thickly up,
Choking your promise. But the soil beneath
(Nor rock, nor shifting sand) retained ye still,
God's mercy willing it, until *His* hand,
Chastening, as fathers chasten, cleared at last
The encumbered surface, and the grain sprang up;—
But hath it flourished?—hath it yet borne fruit
Acceptable? O Father! leave it not
For lack of moisture yet to fall away!

CAROLINE BOWLES.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Sweet is the hour of prayer, when the last chime
  Is lost amid the organ's swelling strain,
  And all arise to meet their Father: pain,
Sorrow, and want, now serve as steps to climb
Still nearer to his throne, o'erarched sublime
  With mercy's bow, where all may grace obtain.
  The Spirit of his presence drops like rain
On thirsty land, or dew of morning prime:
Nor vainly falls; watering his holy Word,
  It surely buds, and bears the fruits of peace,
And joy and love. Each heart is inly awed;
  Comfort, the mourner finds; the wrong'd redress;
Thou in thy holy habitation Lord!
  Art known the Father of the fatherless.

C. T. GAUNTLETT.

RETROSPECTION.

Well—childhood's hours are passed away,
  And other prospects round me rise,
Which I in future must survey
  With stronger hopes and nearer ties;
A cowslip by the river's side,
I 've gathered with a childish pride;
The star of even was to me,
A sight it never more will be.

And yet I grieve not—for the time
  Of young delight, though quickly gone.
Will serve as many a hill I climb,
  For memory to dwell upon:
As when the sun, though set, will leave
A beauty which the clouds receive,
So childhood on the growing youth,
Reflects its happiness and truth.

I 've chased the painted butterfly,
  O'er many a field and woodland far,
And never yet have breathed a sigh,
  In scenes where want and sorrow are.
I 've watched the streamlet's shallow tide,
And slept for hours upon its side,
The greensward was a *happy* seat:
The linnet's song was *always* sweet.

The future is a world unknown;
  The past, a hallowed track of beauty,
O'er which the hand of time has thrown
  No slavish fear, no toilsome duty.
Yet if in my young hemisphere
A cloud or darkling spot appear,
I 'll wait till it is past, and then,
Smile in the sunny beams again. ANON.

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